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CHRONICLE.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. **TOWARDS** the end of last week there was sharp fighting with the tribesmen near Gilgit, in which Colonel DURAND, a frontier officer of much experience, was severely wounded, and in which other officers showed great gallantry. These brushes took place immediately south of the districts on which the Russians recently trespassed.—The Church and State wrangle in the French Chamber freshened into a stiff breeze on Friday week. It was then announced that, as was expected, Lord LYTTON's place would be taken by Lord DUFFERIN—an appointment which seems likely to be popular in France.—It has been suggested that England should intervene between Canada and Newfoundland; unfortunately the conduct of the smaller colony in the French Shore matter has not been such as to encourage the hope of much sweet reasonableness on her part.—Great and rather unexpected indignation seems to have been felt in Chili at President HARRISON's Message. Allowance must probably be made for the irritation created by the presence of such an impossible person as Mr. EGAN; but American sailors seem to be making rather an ill name for their country in South America generally. Since the exploits of the *Baltimore's* crew at Valparaiso, the men of another ship have been reported as running amuck in the Uruguay ports.—The Church and State debate has ceased at last in Paris. The *Times'* Correspondent, who, with all his oddities, knows some things, naïvely observes that separation is not likely, because a Republican Government would never allow the Church to hold any property.—In Bulgaria the PRINCE and his PRIME MINISTER have done a graceful thing by proposing, and the Sobranje by voting, a pension to "Count HARTENAU," the ex-Prince ALEXANDER, who has for some time been living a not undignified life as an Austrian officer on active duty and with rather straitened means.—Some Manipur papers were published on Monday, fully establishing the freedom of Mr. GRIMWOOD from responsibility for the disaster.—Three of the Khartoum captives belonging to the Austrian mission, who have been in more or less durance since 1883, have escaped and arrived in Egyptian territory.—On the alleged pretext of the expulsion of a journalist named CHADOVNE, France ("to oblige "BENSON," otherwise Russia) has quarrelled diplomatically with Bulgaria. *On voit d'ici* M. LE PARVENU, who, to curry favour with his great friend Baron OURSKI, snubs some poor fellow whom the great OURSKI dislikes. It would make a good little play, though the theme, as in the case of most good plays, little and big, is old.—That very tactful young gentleman the German EMPEROR has just described Wissembourg as "the first battle where the German army "met a valiant resistance"—a phrase of double edge.—A commercial agreement has been signed between the British West Indies and the United States. On Wednesday, Dr. GREGR, the leader of the young Czech party, made a violent attack on the connexion between Austria and Bohemia in the Reichsrath, very severely criticizing the action of his ancestors in 1526. Surely there is a statute of limitations in such matters.—There was reported through New York yesterday morning a very curious riot at St. Vincent's, somewhat resembling the immortal shindy after the Dignity Ball in *Peter Simple*, and, like it, requiring to be quelled by landing sailors. Only in this case the cause was not wounded affection, but patriotic resolve not to be "reduced." As everybody acquainted with the West Indies knows, the islands are ridiculously overstaffed—especially in the legal department, where there are chief justices, judges, attorney-generals, and what not, enough to suffice half England. The threatened reduction of four judges of

Appeal to three it was that made the angry passions of the St. Vincentian rise.—Another potholer has arisen in Canada in reference to the dismissal of the Quebec Ministry.

Mr. DUNBAR BARTON, Q.C., was returned un-Home Politics. opposed for Mid-Armagh, on Thursday, in succession to the late Sir JAMES CORRY.—The discussion about one-pound notes has elicited from the leading Gladstonian newspaper the extraordinary and shocking declaration that "Mr. GLADSTONE is fallible." But this startling admission is made with a cunning purpose. If Mr. GLADSTONE is fallible, why then, as GILES GOSLING says, have at you with a downright consequence. He is evidently entitled to call Mr. GOSCHEN a quack. For "quack "measures," it has to be submitted, are the measures of a quack or nothing.

On Friday week Mr. GLADSTONE addressed the utility men who had been regimented by Mr. SCHNADHORST, and sympathized very freely. The strength and fervour of Mr. GLADSTONE's sympathy date from a "year or two after 1850," when a doctor, whom he met in a railway carriage, told him that he knew a parish where nobody had enough to eat. This converted Mr. GLADSTONE at once; but he would do nothing rashly. He waited forty years, during which he was Prime Minister three times and Minister times without number; and at the last, in this year of grace, the fire kindled, and he spake with his tongue. This is probably the longest political slow-match on record. Mr. STANHOPE spoke at Hammersmith on the army with less officialism and more frankness than War Office advocates and mouthpieces have of late displayed. The LORD CHANCELLOR, who is by his office a sort of lay parson of high degree, spoke sensibly on preaching to the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Westminster. A Unionist Conference was held at Edinburgh on Tuesday, presided over by the Marquess of LORNE, and addressed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's foes contend that he will still be talking, they must admit him to be free from the curse of BENEDICK. So far from nobody marking him, the waves of the Gladstonian sea rage terribly at his slightest breath. It is odd that so much contempt as is alleged cannot find in its heart to transform itself into or ally itself with a little indifference. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN spoke on the same day at Manchester, and made himself, as usual, an awful example; while Mr. LABOUCHERE, Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, and other small fry addressed meetings during the week. On Wednesday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN continued his addresses to a series of deputations in Edinburgh. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN repeated his exhibition of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN at Salford, and Lord ASHBORNE spoke in Cheshire. Some interesting remarks were made by persons of distinction on Wednesday at a meeting which was held for the opening of a girls' school at Bishopsgate, turned into an innocent kind of gaudy in honour of Mr. ROGERS of St. Botolph's—a person with some indiscreet words and many good deeds to his name.

There was lovely fighting at Waterford on Ireland. Sunday, and the sacred blood of Mr. DAVITT was drawn (not, we believe, with a "pen"). This made Mr. DAVITT (for in Ireland Waterford is) at once declare that he would be the anti-Parnellite candidate himself, which must have been annoying for the person he went down to support. Nor this alone, but at Ennis subsequently sacrilegious hands were laid, not in blessing, on the sacred head of John Dillon himself.

Sport. Cambridge beat Oxford at football on Wednesday by two tries to nothing.

On Tuesday morning was much letter-writing, Correspondence. The Duke of ARGYLL dealing faithfully with Sir LYON PLAYFAIR on the subject of Home Rule, and considerable attention being still paid to Service questions, to Mr. GOSCHEN's scheme, and other matters.

The Polite World. We thought it not impossible that some wise person (observe that we do not say wiseacre) would take exception to the paragraph in the last number of the *Saturday Review* as to the Duke of CLARENCE's engagement. It has been duly done by a Correspondent of the *World*, who, with genial wisdom and scholarly learning, rebukes the "priggish" stupidity and pedantic ignorance of the *Saturday Review*. We would not speak harshly of this gracious person, who has, unlike some journalists, reached the degree of knowing that daughters of dukes, marquesses, and earls are called "Lady." 'Tis much, but it happens to be not quite enough. We cannot undertake to improve the Correspondent's temper or his manners; we will put him in the way of bettering his knowledge. Let him study two leading cases in the history of these realms (we take the first that occur to us)—those of "The Lady BESSIE" (which name we can solemnly assure him was not "included in the names by which she was baptized") and "The Lord JAMES." When he has thoroughly digested these, he may proceed to ask himself why "The Lady MARGARET," who was the daughter of one of his mystic three, preserved that simple style, and preserves it still, though she became Countess of RICHMOND? and why, though "The Lady ARABELLA" had the same claims, and no more than, scores if not hundreds of other daughters of dukes, marquesses, and earls, she, and she alone in England of her time, kept the unsurnamed designation? We could give him many more lights; but, considering his present state, we will not dazzle him too much. By the time he has studied these cases and their lesson, his knowledge will suggest to him uncomfortably—though his temper and his manners may refuse to let him frankly admit—that the ignorance and the stupidity are, perhaps, not exactly ours, and that he had much better not have meddled with the *Saturday Review*.

The Law Courts. The way in which the Spinning House case would go yesterday week could not be dubious to any one with a slight tincture either of law or of logic for more than a few minutes after it was opened. The decision of the judges, though it restored Miss DAISY HOPKINS to sympathizing bosoms, neither impaired the present jurisdiction of the University nor furnished any ground for attacking it in the future; it simply established what anybody but the authorities of a learned University might have known before—that when you are empowered to punish certain persons for certain things you must not punish them on a written charge of doing something quite different. For instance, to make it quite clear to Dr. PELLE, if the charter empowers him to hang a young woman for murder, he must not suspend her by her collar on a charge "for that you, A. B., did wear a yellow feather" "on your hat in Sidney Street on the third instant."—The tribes of Israel and the neighbours of Lord AILESBUURY may rejoice at the reversal, by the Court of Appeal, of Mr. Justice STIRLING's refusal to sanction the alienation of a great family estate and the punishment of divers guiltless remaindermen, to satisfy the claims of a money-lender. Others will hardly do so. The subsequent application made to, and granted by, Mr. Justice CHITTY, in the matter of the estates which are not merely settled on the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, but attached to his dignity, still further extends the reach of the Act, and would have been, we think, not a little rejoiced in by the late Mr. BRADLAUGH, who had a good eye for consequences.—It is fortunate that Mr. HOPKINS, and not "Mr. SOLICITOR," is police magistrate at Lambeth, where on Tuesday the "furthest," at present, of Salvationist impudence was reached, first by the claim to exempt Salvation bands from the liability to be moved on like other street musicians, and then by the suggestion that the complainant, being a publican, was not entitled to the benefit of the law. Sir EDWARD CLARKE might not, unless he has changed his mind since *SHARP v. WAKEFIELD*, have sympathized with the latter piece of impudence, but, apparently, he would have done so with the former.—Sir PETER EDLIN passed sentence on the Chelsea Socialists in a speech of much gravity and sense, with a few weak passages, on Wednesday.—What is called the Torquay pearl case has been gratifying the gossips during the week.

The Serpent.

And he was a sea-serpent, and the Bishop (unless it was "Mr. W. BISHOP") did see him, and he was sixty feet long, and the head of him was five feet, and his tail was like a great whale. This interview between the Church and the Serpent was happier than that other recorded by SYDNEY SMITH, for there the chaplain was inside.

Miscellaneous. The very curiously undulating gale which has favoured us with its presence for the last ten days, after another lull at the end of last week, became furious again on Saturday night, and continued in a series of the most violent squalls till Monday morning. Its severity may be judged from the adventures of H.M.S. *Banterer*, and from the fact that the Cunard-liner *Aurania* actually passed Queenstown without daring to put in—an exceedingly rare thing.—The Manchester Ship Canal, which has had vicissitudes, having passed in effect into the control of the Corporation of that businesslike city, may possibly under it get on better than it has done.—The worst result of the gale, the wreck of the sailing-ship *Enterkin*, with nearly thirty hands, on the Galloper, was not announced till Monday night.

The London County Council. At the London County Council meeting on Tuesday Lord LINGEN and Mr. COHEN, the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Finance Committee—the former, it is hardly necessary to say, one of the greatest financial authorities in England—resigned their seats on the Committee because of the Council's financial policy. About half a dozen County Councillors also distinguished themselves by opposing an address of congratulation on the Duke of CLARENCE's engagement. And on Wednesday Mr. Justice SMITH, for the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and himself, gave judgment against the monstrous claim of certain County Councillors to be judges and prosecutors both, observing that even County Councillors "are not emancipated from the ordinary principles upon which justice is administered in this kingdom, and which are founded upon its very essence." This decision, and Lord LINGEN's resignation, have so frightened the more moderate and rational "Progressists" that they are imploring the Council to draw in its horns, and be inoffensive till the Ides of March are past.

Obituary. Mrs. CHARLES KINGSLEY had secured the affection of many by her own virtues, and was known to far more as the widow of a man who came but a little short of the highest genius.—Dr. KUENEN was one of the most eminent examples of a literary growth of these times which some regard as wheat, and others as *avena fatua* of the fatuousest—to wit, the Biblical critic.—Mr. W. G. WILLS was a portrait-painter and a playwright of much facility and accomplishment, although a congenital incapacity to write blank verse, and a congenital disposition to write it, combined in him rather unhappily.—Sir JAMES RISDON BENNETT had of late given up much practice, but was in his day one of the most distinguished of his profession both in medicine and surgery.

The week has seen the appearance of divers Books, &c. books of interest; three mighty volumes of *Studies in Chaucer*, by Mr. LOUNSBURY, a somewhat well-known American professor (OSGOOD, McILVAINE, & Co.), the chief fault of which is unnecessary diffuseness; a pretty volume, which is not only as good as but much better than its title, *Gossip in a Library*, by Mr. GOSSE (HEINEMANN), concerning some books little known except to students, and others little known even to them; Mr. GEORGE KENNAN's indictment against Russian convict arrangements, *Siberia and the Exile System* (OSGOOD, McILVAINE, & Co.), and others.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TRUE SUBJECT.

IT is to be regretted, we think, that the later was not also the larger portion of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's vigorous speech at Edinburgh, and that its earlier subjects were not discussed at a little less length. The card-up-the-sleeve trick which the Gladstonians are planning on the Home Rule question has been so often exposed already that it is hardly worth while to persevere with the process, at any rate for the present. On the eve of the election it may be well to remind the constituencies, once for all, that they know but one thing for certain about Mr. GLADSTONE's future Home Rule policy, which is that it must violate his pledges

to one or other of the two islands, with results, in either case, of distraction and confusion to the inhabitants of both. But, though this reminder may then be needful enough, it may surely be deferred till then. For otherwise, since it is abundantly clear that Mr. GLADSTONE is not to be shamed into playing *cartes sur table*, the only result of Unionist hammerings away at Home Rule is to leave the field open to their adversaries to make play unchecked with the more ignorant section of the electorate on domestic questions. It is no moment for denouncing the irrelevant misdeeds of a quack doctor when he is surrounded by a crowd of bumpkins eager to purchase his pills. Before you could succeed in securing their attention to the fact that he cannot satisfactorily explain the circumstances under which he left the last village, he would have disposed of his stock. It would be much more to the point to endeavour to explain to them the composition of the pills. Mr. GLADSTONE—or, rather, Mr. SCHNADHORST, who is the real wonder-working physician within the booth, while his illustrious assistant only does “the patter” on the stage outside—is doing a fairly brisk trade, not so big as it looks, perhaps, but still, it is feared, considerable and increasing, among the agricultural labourers; and that business will certainly not be checked by platform disquisitions on the question of the “Supremacy of Parliament,” and the position of Ulster under the next Gladstonian Home Rule Bill. Of course they are capitably done by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and no one who is capable of understanding a political argument at all could be uninfluenced by them. But they will keep. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would do much better to save them till the Dissolution, and in the meantime to turn his very considerable influence over certain classes of his countrymen to good account in a more frequent and persistent exposure of the bogus policy of rural reform.

We even grudge the time which he devoted to observations on the cynically immoral alliance between English Nonconformists, to say nothing of English Agnostics, and the Irish Catholic priesthood. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a man of weight with the Nonconformist body in this country; and if anybody could convert the still impenitent Gladstonians among them it would, no doubt, be he. But he may rest assured that such conversion has now become impossible; the time for it has gone by. Such English Nonconformists as put religion above politics have, probably, yielded long ago to the appeals of their brethren in Ulster—if, indeed, they ever needed any such representations to awaken them to the danger with which the cause of their faith and their religious liberties was threatened by Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme; and, so far as they are concerned, therefore, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is merely speaking to the convinced. As to the other variety of Nonconformist—the unlovely sort that mistakes political rancour and social envy for religious zeal—they, on their part, have long since surrendered their consciences (at any rate, on all points except one) so unreservedly into Mr. GLADSTONE's keeping that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in addressing himself to the bosoms which should contain them, is as one knocking at the door of an empty house. Why, indeed, should the “political Dissenter” be moved at the sight of the Irish Catholic clergy slowly but surely regaining its iron grip upon the secular life of Ireland, or at the prospect of handing over his Protestant co-religionists of the North to their tender mercies in all the freshness of their triumph? Why should he concern himself about a little more or less persecution in Ireland—he who has so indifferently looked on at so much of it as a supporter of the statesman who alone is powerful enough, or might hope if he lived to become powerful enough, to help his pious followers to pull down the detested Church of England? We cannot believe that there is anything left in the English Nonconformist of this type for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's arguments or appeals to reach. The question of Ulster means nothing to him. For him there is no question of Ulster. There is a question of nothing but bringing back Mr. GLADSTONE to power, as the friend of Disestablishment in general, and of the overthrow of any Church in particular which cannot offer him more votes for upholding than its enemies would pay him for pulling it down.

We repeat that much of the time which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN devoted to the subject of Home Rule in its relation to Ulster Protestantism might, in our opinion, have been far more profitably devoted to unmasking—or rather, since that has been long since done—to branding the imposture of Gladstonian rural reform. He had something, of course, to

say about it, and what he had to say was to the point; but he did not do anything like full justice—such justice as few men could do better than he—to the subject. “I declare,” he said, “that I feel somewhat disgusted when I think of ‘the men who are attempting to make political capital out of their new-found love for the agricultural labourer.’” Disgust, it is true, is a natural sentiment enough; but in a man possessing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's keen sense of the ridiculous, and robust powers of sarcasm, it should not be the only, or even the principal, one. The most active emotion which it might have been expected to arouse in his mind is that of hearty and contemptuous mirth. No doubt it has its pathetic side and its strong appeal to healthy indignation. It is impossible for any man not triply armed with the professional callousness of the wirepuller to have read the ten or twelve columns of report which was given in the *Daily News* of the speeches at the Rural Reform Conference without feeling a profound pity for a few of the less sophisticated delegates, and for the multitudes of simple and grossly-deluded men whose “aspirations” they express. But it would be as absurd, of course, to expect the wirepuller himself to feel that aspect of the situation. A showman would be as likely to grow tender over his marionettes; and we have only to look at the showman himself and the showman's patrons—and pupils—to give ourselves all the emotional reaction that we want. A broader, a more extravagant, and we will add a worse rehearsed, farce than that in which Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT have accepted the principal parts has never before been performed on any political stage. The actors, of course, know well enough how the performance is viewed by the educated part of the audience; but they rely upon the unformed taste and the theatrical inexperience of the labourers who have crowded into the pit. It is assumed—and it may turn out to be a correct assumption—that a favourable verdict from this region of the house will insure the professional success of the actors; and the best thing for the more critical body of spectators to do is to attempt to get as many of the “pittites” as possible to appreciate the worthlessness of the piece and the impudently inartistic character-acting. Few public speakers could render more effective service in this direction than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and we trust that we may expect it from him.

He did something, indeed, in his speeches of the following day to fulfil this hope; for in the course of the day he received no fewer than three deputations, of whom two, at any rate, were representative of the classes by whose assistance Mr. GLADSTONE hopes to be enabled to round off his career by this crowning act of public mischief. No one was better able than the late President of the Board of Trade to discuss “fishermen's grievances” with their spokesman, and the farm-servants, to whom he also gave a hearing, drew from him some shrewd remarks on the question of allotments and the financial conditions under which it has to be dealt with. The same observation applies even more aptly to the address which he delivered in the evening to the representatives of Edinburgh Friendly Societies, on the question of national insurance. It is not to be pretended that this last is a subject upon which every practical politician in England as yet sees his way very clearly, or is prepared to lay down any very definite principles of policy either of a positive or negative kind. But it is, at any rate, a subject which is or ought to be—though, perhaps, we should say ought to be rather than is—profoundly interesting to the working classes; it is one which the Gladstonians, perhaps from the knowledge that they have here to deal with multitudes of men who are less easily cajoled than the agricultural labourers, have abstained from touching, and which, in fact, is fairly typical of those matters to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and other popular Unionist orators might in future devote themselves, to the exclusion of the barren controversy of Home Rule.

MANIPUR AND HUNZA.

THE Manipur papers and the news from Gilgit, or, rather, Hunza, made the end of last week and the beginning of this unusually interesting as regards Indian affairs. The former, it is true, are now only of historical importance, while the latter concerns the present very much and the future still more. Moreover, the actual contents of the papers are not very recent or very weighty, and may be despatched briefly. The latest and

weightiest of them, Lord Cross's despatch of July 24, was known before; the apology of the Indian Government which precedes it adds little or nothing to our knowledge, except that (as do other documents) it shows once for all that the measures taken against the SENAPUTTY were taken, first, without the knowledge, and, secondly, against the advice of the Resident at Manipur. An insinuation that Mr. GRIMWOOD ought not to have gone shooting with the Manipuri Prince after he knew of Mr. QUINTON's intentions is not quite worthy of the VICEROY. Had Mr. GRIMWOOD not done so, he would pretty certainly have been charged, in a similar spirit, with exciting the SENAPUTTY's suspicions. Of the military muddle the papers say nothing.

The troubles in or beyond Gilgit form a less disagreeable, as well as a more interesting, subject. It is sometimes complained that it is very difficult to understand comment on these remote and (in ordinary atlases) ill-mapped districts without diagrams. We have no desire to speak ungraciously of the efforts which some of our contemporaries have made in this direction; but we cannot say that we have ever seen one which seemed likely to be of much service to any one who was not already well acquainted with the geography of the region concerned. In this present instance almost any atlas will show the locality of the fighting, though it may not give the names. Any will give Gilgit, a small excrescence of Cashmere at its extreme north-western frontier, which juts out into the Noman's-land called in this part Yaghistan. Immediately north of Gilgit is Nagar, and immediately north of Nagar Hunza. This latter district is sometimes represented as part of Kunjut, which, again to the north, runs right up to the Hindoo Koosh and to the passes which the Russians so impudently crossed the other day. The presence of Colonel DURAND and his forces in this out-of-the-way corner is connected with the formation of the military road which forms part of the scheme of defence of India in this quarter. Independent or quasi-independent tribesmen never like military roads; it is not very easy to find much fault with them in this respect. The telegraph line does not run quite to Gilgit, and, therefore, news does not come very rapidly; but it would appear that Colonel DURAND—or, rather, his second in command since his wound—has quite sufficient force with him to deal with any situation likely to arise; and that, even if interruption of communication should come by stress of weather, there is no danger from force or famine.

The only fault that we can find with a very interesting letter which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday, written from the spot, but before the fight of Chalt, is a slight taint of what is called, in political pathology, "Kroumir-itis." The Tum of Hunza, a Bactrian chief, who is quite as likely to be descended from ALEXANDER as certain distinguished families in these islands from King ARTHUR, may be "an ignorant and bloodthirsty scoundrel," and we dare say his subjects are quite as good at lifting cattle and such things as other borderers. But we are not making a road to the Hindoo Koosh for the good of trade, or to avenge breaches of the eighth commandment. We are going there because it is important for the safety of India that we should go there, and because we don't want Russia to get there first. It is possible that the Russians may have tampered with the Kunjut chiefs; it is possible that nothing but their natural independence and desire not to be interfered with is sufficient cause. In any case, they will have to give way sooner or later—we hope sooner. But there does not appear to be any necessity to force ourselves on them and call them scoundrels too. This put aside, the expedition should be heartily approved by any one who knows the facts and appreciates the necessities of the situation. We only hope that it will be continued far enough, and its results made safe enough. In that case nothing more will be heard of Cossack pennons south of the Darkot and Baroghil Passes—nay, south of the Victoria Lake at least—until they come in earnest, and then we shall be ready for them.

THE SALE OF SAVERNAKE.

THE decision of the Lords Justices to allow the sale of Savernake by the tenant-for-life is perhaps the strangest yet given under the Settled Land Act of 1882. It is all the stranger, and not the less interesting, because it reverses the previous judgment of that very acute and

experienced lawyer, Mr. Justice STIRLING. The policy of the statute was not to prohibit, or even to restrict, the settlement of land, but to authorize the sale of estates for life, the interest of the reversioner being duly protected. It enacts, so far as it is material to the present case, first, that a tenant-for-life "may sell the settled land, or any part thereof"; secondly, that the principal mansion-house on any settled land, and the demesnes thereof, and other lands usually occupied therewith, shall not be sold or leased without the consent of the trustees of the settlement or an order of the Court; thirdly, that a tenant-for-life shall have regard to the interest of all parties entitled under the settlement, and shall, in relation to the exercise thereof by him, be deemed to be in the position, and to have the duties and liabilities, of a trustee for those parties. It will be observed—and may, indeed, be regarded as the key to the judgment delivered by the Court of Appeal—that the Act is an enabling one, that the object of Parliament was to remove restrictions upon dealings in land, and that, with a few specified exceptions, tenants-for-life may sell their property without consulting any one. In this instance the tenant-for-life is the notorious Marquess of AILESBUURY, whose name has been so frequently before the public. Lord AILESBUURY is the nominal owner of forty thousand acres in Wiltshire and Berkshire, including the magnificent forest of Savernake, which was part of the jointure of Queen ELEANOR, which belonged to the Protector SOMERSET, and which came into the possession of the BRUCES by marriage more than two hundred years ago. But, although Lord AILESBUURY is not yet thirty, and only succeeded his grandfather in 1886, he seems to have got rid of the whole of his patrimony, and to be dependent for his subsistence upon the well-known money-lender, Mr. SAMUEL LEWIS. No one, as Lord Justice LINDLEY observed, can possibly have any sympathy with the Marquess, or, for that matter, with the mortgagee. A splendid offer was, however, made for the property by Lord IVEAGH, formerly Sir EDWARD GUINNESS, who is popularly supposed to be the richest man in the United Kingdom, and who has certainly made a very good use of his money. Lord IVEAGH is ready to pay down the princely sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds, five hundred thousand to be left on mortgage for five years at four per cent. No such terms are likely to be obtained from anybody else, and as a purely commercial transaction Lord IVEAGH will probably be a loser. But he wants a great place, he can afford to pay for it, and the Marquess or his money-lender is willing to let it go. It costs ten thousand a year to keep up, and the market for white elephants, however handsome, is seldom brisk.

Sir HORACE DAVEY asked whether the tenant-for-life was the kind of person entitled to force his wishes on the remainder-men, who object to Savernake going out of the family. The question can only be answered in favour of the remainder-men. But it is open to argument that Parliament did not intend the remainder-men to be considered, except so far as their pecuniary interests are directly concerned; and there is, of course, another side to the question. Mr. RIGBY put this side neatly when he said "it was the policy of the law that the extravagance of the tenant-for-life should not be visited upon the tenants and other persons dependent upon the estate for their living, but should be borne by the tenant-for-life himself." The Act has made the actual owner, in spite of his limited tenure, master of the situation; and, if Lord IVEAGH would have bought the estate without the house, Lord AILESBUURY might have snapped his fingers at his uncles and his trustees. Lord Justice LINDLEY construes the words of trusteeship as making the lifeowner personally liable for injury to the reversioner, not as hampering his right of sale. There can, of course, be no doubt that Lord IVEAGH's acquisition of the estate, and his residence at Tottenham House, will be an immense boon to the farmers, to the labourers, and to the neighbourhood generally. The decision of the Court will also save from imminent destruction some of the finest woods and trees in England. Lord AILESBUURY, being tenant without impeachment of waste, Mr. LEWIS might cut down all the timber and spoil the property by selling it in bits at inferior prices. Lord RADNOR was allowed to sell in contemplation of his son's marriage pictures of unique value, including the great Longford HOLBEIN now in the National Gallery, which some competent critics consider to be the finest portrait in the world. It was argued that Lord AILESBUURY could not have exercised his discretion, even if he had any to

exercise, because he was in the hands of the Jews. But that seems to have rather strengthened than weakened the determination of the Lords Justices. For they thought themselves bound to protect the estate, and everybody connected with it, from the misery of being handed over to a mortgagee in possession, possibly for fifty years, "where every interest was necessarily sacrificed to money-getting." One can easily understand the feelings of a remainderman at losing even a remote chance of coming in to such a place as Savernake. Sentiment of this kind may have dictated the withdrawal of the mansion-house, "and the demesnes thereof," from the main provisions of the Act. But here all the remaindermen are older than the Marquess, and meanwhile the estate was going to rack and ruin.

EPISCOPAL ORNAMENTS.

THE curious discussion which has recently been going on in the *Times* on the subject of Bishop ELLICOTT's acceptance of a cope, mitre, and pastoral staff illustrates in a sufficiently instructive, if not wholly satisfactory, way the extraordinary difficulty of teaching people to look at such questions from the purely rational point of view. To any one so contemplating these matters there can be very little question about them. The legality—nay, the duty—of wearing the cope has been established by tribunals most unfavourable to "Ritualism," in the very course of judgments adverse to Ritualist claims. As for the mitre and the pastoral staff, they are of the very essence of even the popular idea of a bishop. If they are to be done away with because of late years they have chiefly figured pictorially or heraldically, let us entirely give up talking of "the mitre" as a symbolic synonym for a bishopric, and at the same time insist that no peer shall possess a coronet or robes because persons entitled to those decorations do not, as a rule, walk about St. James's Street or even go to the House of Lords in them. Mr. JENKINS, of Lyminge, a very well-known, extremely learned, and universally respected clergyman, quotes a sentence of Bishop JULIUS COSTARINI which contrasts "crowns of thorns" with "mitres," to the advantage of the former. But Mr. JENKINS cannot really expect Right Reverend persons to wear crowns of thorns. In the first place, it would be very uncomfortable; in the second, it might be exposed to the charge of being blasphemous.

The truth is, that the objection to these very decent, authentic, and appropriate ornaments is neither legal, historical, nor even strictly theological. It is part, no doubt, in the first place, of the old hatred of the Scarlet Woman which is still entertained by some people, and which once induced an excellent person so consistently to renounce everything Roman that he used to call any friend who was named, let us say, "St. John," "John" *tout court*, to avoid soiling his mouth with the word Saint. It is furthermore part of a still deeper, a still wider, and a still more unfortunate form of will-worship, whereof we have repeatedly taken notice—the notion that the taste of the individual, and not the law, partly written, partly traditional, of the Church is to be the standard of ecclesiastical conduct. Perhaps no more curious instance of this could be given than the letters of Mr. NEWMAN HALL to the *Times*. Mr. NEWMAN HALL is a Dissenting minister—influential, we believe, and esteemed in his own denomination. As he had expressed his disapprobation of copes and mitres, another person, unnecessarily, we think, but not unnaturally nor unpolitely, asked what it could possibly matter to Mr. HALL? Whereat Mr. HALL replied that, as long as the Episcopal Church is a national establishment, he, as a citizen, is entitled to express his opinion on it. Now, certainly Mr. NEWMAN HALL is entitled to express his opinion of it as he is also of the conduct of the Czar of RUSSIA or the clerk of the weather, of the *Mimes* of HERONDAS, and the morals of Miss DAISY HOPKINS. And we quite agree with the sense which evidently is in him of the fact that he, though a recalcitrant and incomplete, is an actual member of the Church of England. But a more singular theory of Church establishment than that which motives his own argument we have never heard. He is not to obey or conform to the Church, but nevertheless the Church is to obey and conform to him. To tell the truth, however, we do not know that Mr. NEWMAN HALL is much further to leeward of reason in this matter than many Churchmen, including, we fear, a few, or not a few, so-called Ritualists. That the laws of the Church are the laws of the Church, and to be construed as such, not

according to the likes and dislikes, the apocryphal interpolations and the private glosses of the Church's individual members, seems a proposition impossible to hammer into the heads of a too great number of persons. It would seem self-evident that, even if disuse or anything else may supply a lame excuse for coming short of obedience, it never can supply the very faintest excuse for interfering with the obedience of others; and yet it clearly is not evident to many. "I don't like this, therefore he oughtn't to do it," is their only rule.

THE RIOTERS FRIENDS

WE have lately had occasion more than once to comment on errors of taste on the part of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. He is manifestly resolved that we shall not want for opportunities to make remarks to the same purpose again. The letter which Sir EDWARD CLARKE has written to Mr. ADDISON on the Eastbourne riots is thoroughly unbecoming in a Law Officer of the Crown. Even if he were only a private member of Parliament, and were not a lawyer, it would be indecent in him to assert that disorder is caused by enforcing the law, and to imply that whoever disapproves of the method in which a Bill, or clause of one, is passed by the House of Commons has a right to act as if it did not exist. Sir E. CLARKE has done both when he says that "The bye-law which in its enforcement has caused so much disorder was, no doubt, adopted by Parliament after consideration by a small Committee, the attention of the House of Commons not being called to this particular point." It would show great muddle of head in a layman to say that unless people can be proved to have committed one offence they must not be punished for committing another. Sir E. CLARKE does this when he argues that "It is absurd to say that the Salvation Army processions necessarily constitute a public nuisance." The charge against them is that they persist in playing noisy instruments in the streets of Eastbourne on a Sunday contrary to law. On the part of any lawyer this kind of language would be discreditable. From a Law Officer it is simply indecent. It might be the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's duty to assist in enforcing this law, or any other which some body of fanatics are pleased to dislike and endeavour to defy. If he chooses to sympathize with their opinions, he may do so in the way of peaceful persuasion as much as he pleases; but in that case he should put himself in a position to do it with freedom by giving up a place which binds him in duty and in honour to enforce the law as it stands.

The nineteen persons who were sentenced on Wednesday by Sir PETER EDLIN for asserting their view of the "rights of public meeting and public procession," of which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is so tender, may perhaps also shortly receive the assurance of his sympathy. They only claimed the right to propagate their Socialist opinions by blocking the streets and making hideous noises. For this they were run in by the police, and found guilty by the jury of riotous assembly or of obstructing the streets. Sir PETER EDLIN told them that they would have committed a nuisance if their opinions had been "approved by the whole bench of Bishops." It is a very sound rule. The rights of public meeting and public procession have become very much of a nuisance at all times. There is absolutely no reason why anybody should block the streets and make a noise in order to spread his opinions. It can be done easily at infinitely less cost to the convenience of quiet people. The Salvation Army, which is not less noisy, and is even more offensive, than the Socialists, has no more right to have its way than they have. We do not know that it has even shown a less persistent determination to resist the police. The prisoners at Clerkenwell have happily been brought to book. Sir PETER EDLIN stated the common sense of the case in a manner of which there is no cause to complain. These men are not, as is mendaciously affirmed, prosecuted for holding and endeavouring to persuade others to believe Socialist opinions, but for behaving in a disorderly manner. In the case of most of them this conduct of theirs has been deliberately persisted in in defiance of warning, and the knowledge that it was illegal—precisely in the Salvation Army style. The punishments which they have brought upon themselves are by no means extreme. Sir PETER EDLIN's sentences were not worthy of the excellent good sense of the remarks he made. A few weeks' imprisonment, to date

from the day of conviction, and an order to enter into recognizances for good behaviour, with the alternative of fourteen days' further imprisonment, in case of failure to give or find security, is a light penalty for such persistently riotous conduct as SHALLARD's, or such contumacious violence as POWER's. Sir PETER EDLIN hardly acted up to the spirit of his excellent remark to SHALLARD, that if he wished to pose as a martyr he might find the gratification of his desire expensive. The inflicting of "martyrdom," when it is properly done, is usually most efficacious in calming the martyr. But a fine of 20*l.*, and an order to enter into recognizance in the sum of 100*l.* to be of good behaviour for twelve months, is hardly likely to prove sufficiently terrifying to agitators who belong to societies and have the support of subscriptions. Even if the bond keeps one quiet for a spell, another can be found to take his place. More imprisonment and less fine is needed in these and in the Union cases. Nor can we agree that Sir PETER EDLIN was well advised in commenting on the overheat of the police. It may be true that in moments of uproar and confusion the most inoffensive and peaceable men are carried away by their feelings. But this is an excellent reason why inoffensive and peaceable men should not go where uproar and confusion are expected.

MONEY IN CHANCERY.

MR. JUSTICE MATHEW, who has been showing the Chancery Judges how causes with witnesses may be made short causes if they are properly tried, hit upon a curious example of how an estate ought not to be administered in the action of *MUSTAPHA v. WEDLAKE*. The illness of Mr. Justice STIRLING has had one beneficial effect by bringing a fresh mind to bear upon abuses which may be nobody's fault, but which ought, for the sake of everybody, to be removed. The plaintiff, SARAH MUSTAPHA, daughter of an Egyptian doctor who died in England nearly two years ago, sued in respect of a *donatio mortis causa*. That is to say, there was no will, but she swore, and the Court believed, that her father, when at the point of death, said to her:—"LULU, dear, take my purse and keys; take 'the bonds'; all is yours; look after your brother and 'sister.'" The property thus indicated comprised at that time six thousand pounds in Buenos Ayres bonds, four thousand pounds in money, and the household furniture. As soon as MUSTAPHA died the girl sent for his solicitor, Mr. WEDLAKE, who opened the safe, and found the bonds, but no will. The first question was whether the delivery of the key was a delivery of the safe, which the key was intended to open, and of the securities which the safe contained. It was argued that there was no *traditio*, and that MUSTAPHA should himself have opened the box. Happily for the cause of common sense, and the reputation of English jurisprudence, Mr. Justice MATHEW was enabled by authority to dispose of this objection, and to find that the requirements of the law had been satisfied. The mere doubt, however, is enough to show that these death-bed deliveries are dangerous things, and that the only prudent course is to make a will. A further difficulty arose when it was discovered that all MUSTAPHA's three children were illegitimate. The legal result of this fact was that MUSTAPHA, having died intestate, the property went to the Crown. The Treasury, which in such circumstances is unwontedly merciful, would thereupon have made a grant in favour of the family. But here came in the Chancery Division, which refused, with extraordinary pedantry, to admit the rights of the Crown. There might, it was said, be next-of-kin, and accordingly a good deal of time was spent in finding out, by circuitous methods, that there were none.

Then a joint affidavit, filed by the daughter, the solicitor, and the daughter's next friend, was laid before Mr. Justice STIRLING. Mr. Justice STIRLING ordered an issue to be tried on the contents of the affidavit, and how far, in telling the story of MUSTAPHA's death, they corresponded with the facts. This issue Mr. Justice MATHEW has now decided. Meanwhile that happened which might have been expected. The Buenos Ayres bonds went down from six thousand to four thousand, their real value being now, it is said, about two thousand pounds. Well might Mr. Justice MATHEW say, in very mild and cautious language, that "the case supplied the proof of a want, or necessity, 'of some reform of the methods by which estates of this 'description were administered by the Court.'" Lord

Justice BOWEN, in his interesting review of legal reform between 1837 and 1887, expressed the opinion that the ancient system of Chancery procedure was the most perfect instrument for the discovery of truth which the art of man had ever devised. It had only one defect. By the time the truth was discovered everybody interested in knowing it was dead, and the estate whose destination was to be settled had disappeared. There is no reason to disbelieve the statement of Mr. HORACE TWISS that Lord ELDON's doubts were as conscientious as they were disastrous, or that he ultimately did abstract justice between dead and ruined litigants. We move a little faster in these days than when GEORGE the Third was king. Perhaps some daring reformer will venture to propose a scheme in Parliament for distributing small properties in periods to be reckoned by months rather than by years. Mr. Justice MATHEW believes in Lord HERSCHELL's proposal of an official trustee, who should be at once a lawyer and a man of business. The Lord CHANCELLOR, who is a more ardent law reformer than some of his Liberal predecessors, can hardly fail to notice this case, and to consider what would be the best remedy for such a deplorable state of things. The administrative branch of the Chancery Division is now very far behind the judicial branch in efficiency and despatch.

THE FIGHT FOR WATERFORD.

IT is a little difficult for the slow-witted Saxon to understand why a blow on the head from some ruffianly "Tory or Parnellite"—for so the assailant of Mr. DAVITT is described by a Gladstonian commentator, who, we suppose, is in a position to know—should determine the victim of the outrage to contest the constituency in which he has been maltreated. No one doubts Mr. DAVITT's pluck—which, indeed, he did most doughtily display, "whitethorn" in hand, at the ever-memorable and glorious day of Ballinakill, when rival politicians cracked each other's crowns, and even priests "showed the mettle of their 'pastures';" but his courage would have been just as conspicuously displayed by a continued prosecution of that canvass on behalf of Mr. KEANE which had already brought him into contact with the Tory or Parnellite shillelagh. There may, however, be a subtle pleasure in securing the representation of a city in which you have been brutally assaulted by one of the citizens. No one can tell without trying the experiment; and few of us are sufficiently enthusiastic psychologists to qualify for candidature. It is more probable that the determination to stand for Waterford was already crystallizing, so to speak, in Mr. DAVITT, and that the blow merely precipitated the resolve. It is fortunate; for Mr. KEANE, into whose place he has stepped, was himself reluctant to come forward, otherwise he might think it a little hard that his prospects of a Parliamentary career should be at the mercy of an opponent's bludgeon. As it is, he no doubt recognizes the incident as a fortunate one for his party, in having given them a stronger candidate than he can pretend to be. The anti-Parnellites are declaring, in anticipation of victory, that, if Mr. REDMOND cannot carry Waterford, no Parnellite can be sure of a seat anywhere. It might probably be said with equal truth that, if Mr. DAVITT cannot prevent Mr. REDMOND from carrying Waterford, the Parnellites are sure of that seat, at least, under any conditions.

Mr. DAVITT, however, has shown his spirit in another, and to our mind a more conspicuous, way than by contesting the constituency himself. He has treated his wound with a light heart, as one of the inevitable mishaps of politics; he has disdainfully rejected the notion of having the law of his assailant, even if he could identify him; and he has not imitated the poorer-spirited members of his party in their whining accusations of partiality, conspiracy, and we know not what else, against the police who have worked with such energy, and, on the whole, with so much success, for their protection. As to his views, their statement would have been more impressive if he had not been followed by Mr. DILLON, who is supposed, we presume, to agree with him, but whose speech had the effect of showing what little substance there is in anti-Parnellite professions of complete accord with the Gladstonian policy. Referring to the recent speech which he had delivered at Bandon when he declared his readiness to accept the measure of Home Rule which Mr. GLADSTONE was ready to offer, Mr. DAVITT

said, "he was not going to forget that in 1886 the late leader of the Irish people and the entire Irish party, including Messrs. REDMOND and MAHONY, declared before the people of Great Britain and the whole civilized world that they accepted the measure as a great and satisfactory settlement of the struggle between Ireland and Great Britain"; and he added that he "held the honour, and character, and reputation of Ireland to be pledged through their leader in 1886." That is all very well for Mr. DAVITT to say; but when we come to Mr. DILLON we find that, while he contends that his own attitude now is precisely the one which he accepted under Mr. PARNELL's direction, on consultation with his colleagues, five years ago, he is at the same time careful to add that "then as now he would accept no Home Rule which would not satisfy the aspirations of Ireland." To make these two statements at once intelligible and reconcilable, we must understand Mr. DILLON to contend that the Home Rule scheme which Mr. GLADSTONE offered to Mr. PARNELL a year or two ago, and which he and his friends refused to join their late leader in repudiating last November, is one which would "satisfy the aspirations of Ireland." But, if that is so, how came it that neither Mr. DILLON nor any one of his fellow-seceders from Mr. PARNELL ever ventured to say so? They have abstained, and still religiously abstain, from making any such declaration; and the fact that they have always maintained, and still continue to maintain that position, must necessarily destroy all confidence in the sincerity of any subsequent acceptance of such a Home Rule scheme as "final." If they knew, as they obviously did, that it would be fatal to their credit with their countrymen to pronounce it, in anticipation, sufficient, we may safely infer that they could not for the same reason afford to treat it as final, and to adhere loyally to its provisions after it was actually embodied in legislation.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE majority of the County Council, even at the eleventh hour, are determined to display their incompetence and folly. This week they have succeeded in surpassing themselves, like men who are blind to the lessons and warnings of the past, and more intent on working mischief because they know they have but a short time. By a majority of six, at a meeting of not more than two-thirds of the Council, certain recommendations of the Finance Committee were adopted, which commit the Council to a complete change in their financial policy, and one that must seriously damage their credit. The immediate results of this decision were the resignation of Lord LINGEN, the Chairman, and of Mr. COHEN, the Vice-Chairman of the Committee. Resignations on the County Council can no longer move the public to any surprise. They have been far too frequent and too notorious. We doubt if there remain any members who are men of knowledge or experience that have not resigned similar or more exalted positions in the Council. The fussy and ignorant majority, who are known as "Progressive," are bent upon making it impossible that men of reputation for administrative capacity, or for experience in financial work, like Lord LINGEN, should serve on the Committees. They have succeeded in purging the Committee, after their own fashion, and the process is "Progressive" enough to justify that total disbanding of Committees which an ingenious and distracted Councilman not long since suggested. Lord LINGEN's account of the two Finance Committee meetings, in February and on last Wednesday week, is extremely instructive. At the first meeting, with a full attendance, it was decided by nine votes to four to adhere to the process of loan redemption adopted by the Metropolitan Board of Works and by the Council. Under this system loans to public bodies, excepting Boards of Guardians, are redeemed by payments of the principal in equal instalments over a stated period, and interest only on the diminishing balance. At the meeting of Wednesday week, however, Mr. HARRISON, the only originator of the ridiculous "betterment" rating, and chief instigator of the senseless surrender of the Wine and Coal Dues, attempted to upset this sound financial process, and was successful. It might have been expected that Mr. HARRISON was too sick of betterment to seek to better the wisdom of ages. But with the rashly incompetent nothing is incredible. Like Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE correcting Mr. GOSCHEN, he was eager to instruct Lord LINGEN in financial matters. Without giving any previous notice of the question, Mr. HARRISON carried, by four votes to three, at what

Lord LINGEN calls a chance meeting, a resolution in favour of granting a loan to the Fulham Vestry to be repaid on the annuity system. By this process the repayment is effected by a series of equal amounts on account of principal and of interest. At the usual meeting of the Council this week, this innovation was reaffirmed with regard to other loans, and there was nothing left for Lord LINGEN and Mr. COHEN but resignation.

We cannot doubt that the ratepayers of London will take to heart Lord LINGEN's weighty condemnation of the Council's repudiation of what has proved to be a highly successful financial policy. Though it was only to be expected of so capable an authority, it is refreshing to note his praise of the financial administration of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The facts and figures cited by him are the most conclusive demonstration of the wisdom of the Council's predecessors. The system of loan redemption the latter body inherited from the Board, and had accepted, was eminently satisfactory. It had enabled them in twenty-five years to reduce their gross debt from thirty millions to eighteen millions. It had resulted in a progressive lightening of the annual charge that was to be borne as the time of extinction was approached. And this relief, present and prospective, was due, as Lord LINGEN observed, "to the foresight, courage, and self-denial of the Metropolitan Board of Works and of a generation of ratepayers who supported 'them in taking this burden on their shoulders.'" If they had been paying more, it was that they might now pay less. But under the new, the Harrisonian system, they would discard this equitable arrangement, and visit posterity with burdens which a past generation had spared them by bearing themselves. Such is Lord LINGEN's contention; and a stronger case against the wanton meddling of the "Progressive" party could not be imagined. They have done many foolish things in their time, but in this they have exceeded them all. It is much, indeed, that they should inspire London ratepayers with regrets for the days of the old Board. Such regrets, under the salutary influence of lessons of this kind, must surely ripen into action when the ides of March are come, and the "clean sweep" Mr. REGINALD BRETT longs for will take effect. The judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Mr. Justice SMITH in the licensing cases of AKKERSDYK and FEMENIA is another lesson that cannot but bear fruit at the coming election, however ineffectual it may prove with the fanatics concerned. Mr. MACDOUGALL and his party must seek new fields for the exercise of their sense of justice in the short time that remains to them. They now know, on the highest authority, that they acted illegally in attempting to double the parts of accuser and judge, and henceforth they must be content to hear and determine applications for licences, not in accordance with the dictates of bigotry, but as the law directs.

FRENCH TEMPER.

THE tone, the incidents, the results of the debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on last Friday and Saturday show that there is an end to the comparative peace and good temper which has prevailed since the last general election. The old rancour of Clericals and anti-Clericals, the old personalities, the old immoral alliance of Radicals and Conservatives, have all come up again. A large majority of the Deputies behaved as if they were delighted to have an opportunity to throw over uncongenial restraints, and to once more turn the Chamber into a bear-garden. The result of it all was a majority for the Government on a vote of confidence, so narrow that it proves M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet to be in danger of defeat from day to day. It is highly probable that he would have been beaten, if a group of moderate Republicans had not been induced to support him by a conviction that the foreign relations of France would suffer by another example of Ministerial instability. When the liability of French Chambers to be carried away by sudden fits of rage is remembered, it is highly doubtful whether this rational and patriotic feeling can be relied on to save M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet. It is certain that its authority has been greatly diminished by the proof given of the readiness of the Radicals to revert to their old practice of coalescing with the Conservatives whenever they think it desirable to punish or to warn a Ministry which is not sufficiently subservient to please them. It is not a good sign that the worst of the uproar on the first night of the discussion was

caused by an eminently discreditable exhibition of bad temper, worse taste, and crass ignorance on the part of the President, M. FLOQUET. This politician, who first made himself notorious by shouting "Vive la Pologne!" to ALEXANDER II., thought fit to identify himself still more completely with M. CARDINAL by intervening in the debate with the assertion that PIO NONO had been a Freemason. This foolishness he had the further folly to justify by the authority of the *Dictionnaire de Larousse*. Englishmen who are only acquainted with Freemasonry as a harmless friendly Society have often a difficulty in understanding the horror it inspires among Roman Catholics on the Continent, and in some cases here also. They can, however, easily understand the insolence and vulgarity of accusing the head of the Roman Catholic Church of belonging to a body condemned by his Church, and that on the authority of a notorious Radical and anti-Clerical compilation. With the task of maintaining order in the Chamber at the mercy of such taste and knowledge as this, the risk of other and worse explosions of uproar is sufficiently manifest.

The discussion was ended by two votes. By the first the Chamber rejected M. HUBBARD's motion in favour of the repeal of the Concordat by 321 votes to 179. This would appear to be a decisive defeat for the anti-Clerical party; but in this case the mere numbers are misleading. The majority was composed of Conservatives who are in strict alliance with the Church, and willing to advocate its most extreme demands as the price of its support, and of Republicans who are opposed to the repeal of the Concordat either because it would revive an old quarrel in the most aggravated form, or because it would deprive the State of its best means of controlling the Church. There is no real unity between such allies, whereas the 179 members of the Opposition are a compact body with a common creed and aim, and a quite unscrupulous readiness to throw their weight on either side in order to secure an immediate advantage. The hollow character of the chance majority was shown as soon as the Chamber divided on the vote of confidence moved by MM. RIVET and DELPEUCH, which was identical with that moved in the Senate by M. RANC. The Radicals at once coalesced with the Conservatives, and the Ministry only escaped defeat by a majority of twenty. Here, again, the minority was composed of parties with very different aims. The Radicals wished to upset the Ministry because it was not sufficiently hostile, and the Conservatives because it was not friendly enough, to the Church. What is clearly proved by both votes is that the Ministry can no longer rely on the support of the Radicals, that this party has come to the conviction that the policy of pacification so much talked of after the general election is no longer so popular that they need fear to resume their old course of anti-Clerical activity, and that they have a very fair chance of securing the help of the Conservatives when next they want to upset the Ministry. In other words, France has swung back to the very conditions which produced the Ministerial instability and subservience to Radical dictation which prevailed till General BOULANGER terrified all the Republicans into temporary unity and moderation. From the tone of M. DE FREYCINET, it is clear that he looks forward to a succession of crises, and a final rupture of Church and State. All the signs go to show that his forecast is justified. From the very conditions of the case some such conflict is inevitable. As the French did not declare, when the declaration was perhaps possible, that the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of France, as they never freed their National Church from dependence on a foreign head, conflicts are unavoidable whenever the National Government is, or is supposed to be, hostile to that chief. In the present dispute the immediate cause has been the Government's resolution to discourage and, if need be, to forbid the participation of the Bishops in pilgrimages to Rome, by which the relations of the Republic to Italy may be disturbed. This, at least, was the pretext, though the real motive may have been to curry Radical favour by snubbing the Bishops. In milder forms this kind of dispute arose under the old French Monarchy, and it has not been unknown in such thoroughly Roman Catholic Governments as the Spanish and the Austrian. It is particularly angry in France, because the clergy are convinced, and not without cause, that the Republic is intrinsically hostile to the Church. They are irritated and afraid. It is to be feared that they are not led with much statesmanship, and that they will listen too much to advisers who will be less cool and patient than the POPE has shown himself. The immediate course of the conflict will depend on the degree

to which the more temperate Republicans allow their fear of Clerical aggression to prevail over their fear of the independence of the Church. If the first prevails, there will probably be a serious effort to destroy the Concordat. In that case the fight will be round the question whether the Church is to be left free to acquire and to administer property, or is to be subjected to a severe law of mortmain. In the absence of a great religious revival, of which there are no signs, we can hardly think that the Church will find support enough to enable it to resist the State, or even to make a favourable compromise.

The bad temper, and the ignoble readiness to curry favour with the strong, which are visible in the conduct of the Republican Government towards the Church, are even more conspicuous in the trumpety display of official dignity towards Bulgaria. A French journalist has been bundled out of Sofia, as French journalists have been sent packing from Berlin and Rome. Hereupon the French Government breaks off relations with Prince FERDINAND's Government, and recalls its Chargé d'Affaires, M. LANEL. It is not even denied, as far as we know, that M. CHADOURNE has been guilty of exactly the same, or a worse form of the conduct which lately earned for a French and a German journalist their expulsion from Rome. Neither is it denied that the Bulgarian Government has repeatedly expostulated with the French Chargé d'Affaires on M. CHADOURNE's conduct, and the protection afforded him. The journalist made it his business to spread reports which he meant should be injurious to Bulgaria; and, as the agent of a well-known telegraphic agency, he had opportunities of doing his hosts mischief on a considerable scale. From the fact that he was steadily protected by M. LANEL, the Bulgarian Government had some ground to believe that it was being treated in an unfriendly manner. Having failed to secure satisfaction in the way provided by the Capitulations, Bulgaria righted itself by sending M. CHADOURNE over the frontier. Hereupon much stamping and fury on the part of the French; much tall talk about the Capitulations, outrage to Europe, &c. &c., all of which is, in point of accuracy and manners, on a level with M. FLOQUET's Cardinalism in the Chamber. That M. STAMBOULOFF would have behaved even more sensibly than he has if he had allowed the French scribbler to scribble, with an occasional kick administered in the form of a contradiction, is probable enough. But none even of the greatest Continental Governments are able to repeat and to act upon the motto of the KEITHS:—They say; what say they? let them say. It is their custom to make short work of foreigners who say offensive things when they can get at them. To expect a small Power in a particularly difficult position to set them an example of courage is unreasonable. Perhaps it is also unreasonable to expect a French Republic, which is prepared to lick Russia's boots, to behave with good sense and good temper. It certainly has not done so. Happily nothing much can come of it all. The trifling business which France has at Sofia can be satisfactorily done by a friendly Greek diplomatist; and M. STAMBOULOFF, who has endured worse things, will endure the absence of M. LANEL.

THE EDUCATIONAL FADDIST STILL LIVING.

WE have no desire to underrate the substantial value of the victory for common sense and economy which was won at the election of the new School Board for London, nor do we wish to throw any doubt on the probability of its bearing good fruit in the practical administration of the educational affairs in the metropolis. Londoners, nevertheless, will do well to prepare themselves for at least a certain amount of illustration of the saying that *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*. There must needs be faddists nowadays even in the most carefully selected public body; and it is of the nature of the faddist to make the world at large more extensively conscious of his presence than it is of the very different men by whom he may be surrounded. That the Board have not got a man of unimpeachable discretion in the Rev. B. MEREDYTH KITSON, nor one who has correctly conceived the position and functions of himself and his colleagues, is clear from the second of the two motions which he brought forward at the last meeting. This was to recommend that a petition should be presented to both Houses of Parliament in favour of such a readjustment of the laws concerning rating as may "secure a due assessment upon ground

"values, and a fair apportionment of the rates between the "owners and the occupiers." Mr. KITSON's motion was put aside without even the formality of the previous question, by an amendment (which, however, ominously enough, was only carried by 21 votes to 18) in favour of proceeding to the next business; and educational matters will now, perhaps, resume their share of Mr. KITSON's attention, until he has had time to frame his resolutions in favour of the eight-hours day, the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, one man one vote, the payment of members of Parliament, and other questions of equally intimate concern to a body elected to superintend the instruction of little boys and girls.

The earlier performance of the same member at the same meeting was of a less ludicrous irrelevance, but was as little calculated to impress one with a belief in the reverend gentleman's practical wisdom. He moved in this instance the adoption of a memorial to the Education Department, asking that "temperance teaching might be made a Code "subject." If by this he had meant that the Code ought to promote the reading of teetotal tracts, his motion would have been intelligible, though ridiculous; but this is precisely what Mr. MEREDYTH KITSON did not mean. He had "purposely avoided mentioning teetotal teaching "in his motion, as he did not want a boy to go home "and tell his father he was committing a deadly sin "because he drank a glass of beer." So far, that is "bully for Mr. KITSON," as the rude American would say. We are glad to hear that he does not "want" that; but if he does not we are greatly puzzled to know what his eminently respectable want may be. It was observed with much force by Mr. WHITE, who seconded an amendment for the "previous question," that "temperance was "a habit of mind and not a department of knowledge"; and we really do not know that much needs to be added to that neat and epigrammatic statement of the case, unless it be the remark of another member that temperance is "only one of the cardinal virtues." A due consideration of this fact might have led Mr. KITSON to reflect that he was outstepping the strict functions of what he would perhaps call the educationist, who is primarily and directly concerned with branches of knowledge and not with cardinal virtues. Seeing, moreover, that, so far as the indirect inculcation of moral habits is quite sufficiently provided for in the provisions of the Code already, in the provisions relating to the reading of the Scriptures in the Board Schools, the superfluity of Mr. KITSON's motion becomes all the more manifest. He was "previous-" "questioned" by the very considerable majority of 31 votes against 9, even a "life-long abstainer" declaring himself opposed to the motion; and he thereupon passed lightly, as has been above recorded, from cardinal virtue to ground values. In time, perhaps, he will get to education; but his delay in doing so is not without its use in warning Londoners that, though they may justly congratulate themselves on the result of the last election, they must not expect too much all at once of their new School Board.

THE CANADA-NEWFOUNDLAND QUARREL.

WE wonder whether the next Separatist orator who quotes the Constitutions granted to the colonies as precedents in favour of Home Rule will select the present quarrel between Canada and Newfoundland to illustrate his argument. It would be honest in him; but it is hardly likely that he will. Whatever he does, we think it most desirable to direct his attention to the story. Here are two countries both belonging to the British Empire. Newfoundland lies right over against the front door of Canada. Common sense and sentiment should alike induce them to preserve friendly relations. Yet, as a matter of fact, the one has provoked the other by hostile tariff measures, and the aggrieved party has retaliated, and is about to hit still harder. To judge from the difference which Newfoundland makes between Canadians and Americans, it would appear that British colonist is to British colonist more hateful than a foreigner. We hear of appeals to be made to the mother-country to make friends between "her quarrelsome children." How the Home Government is to compel them to come in voluntarily and make it up, unless they are prepared to show a degree of moderation and good sense which would have avoided the quarrel altogether, nobody has explained. Still, there is somebody to mediate, and peace may be made.

Will some kind Separatist explain what would happen if there were a bond between, and no common authority over, the two? Would it be the meek decision of Canada to take it lying down, or the conquest of Newfoundland; and, if neither of these, then what third thing would happen?

Having given the application, let us proceed to the text. Unless the Newfoundlanders can put a very different face on the story, they would appear to have shown towards Canada exactly that unmanageable, and withal rather pettifogging, spirit which they showed to the mother-country in the course of the French shore dispute. The Imperial Government was induced to consent to the passage of the Bait Bill by a promise that it should not be used against Canada. This promise was given by Sir ROBERT THORBURN. Within a very short time Sir ROBERT's Government was upset, and he was succeeded by Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY, whose temper and reasonableness in the conduct of business we had some opportunity of judging when he was over here as Commissioner from Newfoundland. Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY decided that the promise made by Sir ROBERT THORBURN was binding only on his own Ministry; which, by the way, is a beautiful example of the value of guarantees for the conduct of people who have the power to break their word. Technically, Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY's plea is strong. It is generally agreed that no promise made by any politician can permanently bind his State; but that is only the general reason for not trusting to verbal guarantees, of which the conduct of the Newfoundland Government is the particular illustration. In the exercise of his technical right, Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY decided to put Canadian fishermen on the same footing as the French. Canada has retorted by levying the duty, which had hitherto been levied on foreign fish only, on Newfoundland fish also. Out of this has arisen a war of tariffs, and mutual exclusions of the kind common enough among independent nations. There may be some doubt how far the last measures taken by Newfoundland—the increase of the duties leviable on Canadian produce—can be justified under the existing legislation of the colony. But as Newfoundland can only be prevented from interpreting its own laws in its own way, or from amending them as it thinks fit, by the application of some external force, it does not appear that this legal point will be of much avail to Canada. Neither do we think that the richer colony will gain aught by reminding the poorer that it has treated her fishermen with generosity and has maintained the lights on her coast. Newfoundland shows too many signs of being thoroughly sore and ill tempered to make it probable that such considerations will do more than exasperate her still further. She is very likely to consider it an offence that she is reminded of the good turns done her, and to reply that Canada has simply consulted her own interests. The parochial, not to say Irish, vanity and punctiliousness which Newfoundland showed towards ourselves in the dispute with France promise badly enough for her conduct to Canada. This is rather shocking language to use to a colony, according to the prevailing fashion; but we are not so sure that the diet of flapdoodle on which colonists have been too much fed has done them good. Newfoundland will be none the worse for being told that, if she is too poor to maintain the lights on her own coasts, and too weak to stand by herself, she must consult the interests of the Empire which has saved her hitherto from retaliation. British colonies, like other entities in this world, must recognize facts, or smart for it. The case of Newfoundland will not be much better if it can be shown that Canada has not been perfectly wise and considerate. After all, the earthenware pot is the earthenware pot, and had better not provoke the iron one. But the case of the Home Government, which, with a minimum of power to control their motions, has to keep all these pots from spinning viciously against one another, will be the worse if they are all hopelessly unreasonable.

THE HAZARDS AT TENNIS.

WHEN Monsieur le Duc was in bad spirits, dissatisfied with his game and inclined to disgust, the domestic *passion* of a hundred years ago had a last remedy of magical force. He would wait upon Monsieur, and announce a slight alteration, a slight addition to the Tennis Court. Monsieur, the excellent marker would observe, had lately shown great cleverness in reaching the top of the tambour, or a spot somewhere aloft on

an end wall, some place at all events where the fine players (so-called) seldom go; and it was remarked that for this excellent stroke to go unrewarded (as commonly it did) was an affront to the province and—well, would Monsieur step into the court? Which being done, Monsieur le Duc perceived a disc of wood, of a convenient size, supported in a temporary fashion in the region of his last erratic shot. And this disc is intended for a new hazard, and when the Duc has played and the observant marker has noted what should be the exact position (and it is possible this morning the Duc may find a spot not quite that of yesterday), the disc will be fixed and thenceforth remain the peculiar property of the court. And as Monsieur le Duc will practise upon it more often than his friends it will be odd if he do not hit it more surely than they. And he may perhaps ordain that two strokes shall reward a hit; or four strokes (a really splendid device), whereby the game is decided by the skilful finder of the hazard. The effect of it all being that the noble owner's prowess in his own court will increase amazingly, and therewith will his heart be cheered, and the *paumier* will see his occupation no longer in danger. But these delightful times are no more. If a man to-day—some one of consequence, one of our conquerors with fourteen draper's shops all in a row—were to attempt to introduce a new hazard into his court we tremble to think of the consequences. No marker would listen to the proposal for a moment; and were the wretched cock-shy to be lifted into position at all, the gardener or other innocent from without would needs be imported for the purpose. And with the gardener in the tennis court how shall Art abide? As well shall your library be overhauled by a parcel of grooms, or your rose garden be tended by bricklayers.

The hazards, or winning openings, of modern tennis courts are three in number—the Dedans, the Grille, and the Winning-Gallery. To strike the ball into any one of these, at any point of the game, is to score a point. Now it is one of the beauties of tennis that the virtues of these hazards are so finely balanced that it is difficult to give any one of them a decided preference. The Dedans is much the biggest, therefore, surely it is the easiest to enter—the safest to try for? Well, scarcely. Its position is the best for defence, and a miss is disastrous. The Grille? The Grille is very small, but then a stroke below it is often as effective as a stroke into it, and should you shoot too high and land upon the penthouse, your adversary will not have a *balle à la main* to compare with the usual result of a miss above the Dedans. Of the Winning-Gallery it is difficult to speak shortly; it is at once the most difficult and most delightful of hazards; but while it is easily missed, a stroke too low or too near the Grille-wall is not to be despised; though the miss upon the penthouse is about as serious as it can be.

Now tennis balls are capricious things, as full of "ways" as any woman, and they will enter openings by erratic means, surprising, delighting, and making desperate all concerned. The entry by the common hop is bad enough, yet this is a queen among flukes, knowing indeed, at times, a tincture of art. And of these crooked methods we do not purpose to treat, but to confine ourselves to the straight and the boasted force. Of these the former is the one making for simplicity, it being the direct drive of a ball from the racket to the opening. For this to be done with proper effect, the head of the racket must be dropped, and the face thereof brought full against the ball. Speed is the first object, and if this cannot be imparted your force will diminish to a lob, and as a lob be treated. But in its relation to the Dedans the straight force is not artistic. There is something of the ring of battle about it, no doubt; it leads to excitement and quick movement, but the din and fury suggest rather the encounter of axe and club than the meeting of sword and lance. And the stroke must be delivered with great address to break the guard of a good player. The bad player is troubled sometimes, in that he can neither parry the ball nor get out of the way, and is compelled, if he will save his skin, to intercept the ball with his bat, although he can make no defence proper. But this pass should not often befall him, unless, indeed, he will play with antagonists considerably better than himself, in which case, however careful they may be not to hit him (and care will be essential), he will be sure to "run into it" sometimes. But the great danger of the straight force is that besetting the miss. You may strike the Dedans-wall either on one side of the hazard or beneath it, and seeing that your stroke is uncut and very hard, it is clear a monstrous chase will result. Or you may touch the bandeau and shoot out of court; or if not out of court, yet to that region whence the ball descends with deadly opportunity to your opponent. There is the chance that, in falling from the penthouse, the ball may screw back, and prove impossible to return, thus most scandalously giving you an unearned and undeserved half-yard chase. But the chance is not worth much. What you must look for is a crushing return, and

this likely enough will come—low upon the tambour, into or under the Grille—and you be snuffed out ere you realize it. The straight force to the Grille is complicated for many strokes by the tambour. It is no easy matter to judge its possible influence on the flight of a ball travelling parallel to the main wall and distant from it but some twelve inches. If the ball just strike the tambour, the defender of the Grille must be ready for a stroke over by the galleries; if it miss, he must be ready to guard the Grille or make a return from the Grille-wall—an amount of preparedness to be found only in the highest class of player. To parry a hard force for the Dedans and return to the Grille is one of the brilliant strokes of tennis; it may be credited to Saunders (among a dozen brilliancies) in the Dublin match. But it is to the "boast" that the good player looks for an effective attack upon the Dedans. This was George Lambert's great stroke (as, says the poet, "When Lambert boasts the superhuman force"), and Latham to-day makes it back-handed with great weight and accuracy. To stop a boasted force is a matter of exceeding difficulty, and this done a good return is hardly practicable. The risks, too, are not so heavy as in the case of the straight force. You may, of course, land upon the penthouse and so give an easy return, but you are not likely to fly out of court. You may strike the Dedans-wall, and the chase you are liable to make then, though bad, will not be as the horrible product of the straight force. At the same time you cannot well hope to score by "winging" your opponent, which is a drawback in the eyes of them that drive furiously.

We have kept the Winning-Gallery to the last, for it is, we think, the hazard most hazardous of all, and deserving a final paragraph. To make a Winning-Gallery is the dream of the beginner, and having made one he must go on and make another. One prime reason of its charm lies, no doubt, in its difficulty; for that it is the most difficult hazard to enter will hardly be denied. But its chief charm is, we think, that it lies out of the beaten course of balls and the player must go out of his way to make it; he must use his head, and must combine good aim with good judgment. You may see many balls find their way into Dedans and Grille helped as well almost by luck as good management; but the Winning-Gallery is not often won like that. It must be attacked with intent; and this will not avail if the right occasion be not seized. The most beautiful way of making it is by the straight force from the volley. Now the opportunity for this does not occur very often, and, as we have said, when it does both judgment and aim are required to bring it off successfully. The stroke is a favourite of Fennell's, and he does it with extreme accuracy and perfection of style. In his tie with Latham in the final of the Manchester Handicap in October, he made the hazard by straight forcing no fewer than thirteen times. The boast off the main wall is another of the very brilliant strokes, and it is but rarely to be seen. The ball will sometimes hop in, after a boast, even off the tambour; but this, of course, is nothing to excite applause; to go in straight from the main wall is another matter. To make the stroke with sufficient force, and so clean that the ball shall come well off the main wall, and not hug it nor curl away, requires great skill and strength. But difficult and brilliant as it is, we cannot give it the palm before the beautiful direct volley; for this is not far from being the prettiest stroke in tennis.

PLAY-MAKING.

THERE is far too much anxiety in the present day to get behind the scenes and find out how things are done, and those who, one would think, should throw cold water on this undue inquisitiveness appear to be anxious to encourage it. In healthier days than the present the dramatist wrote his plays and submitted them to their natural test—the opinion of an audience. If the audience liked the work, all was well; if failure was the result of the experiment, the playwright accepted his rebuff, and either tried again or devoted his time and such talent as he possessed to other work. In these days, however, there seems to be no wholesome reticence. If a certain class of man writes a play, he feels bound to explain to the world how the first germ of it came to his mind and the method on which he subsequently proceeded; and, sitting behind the footlights after the production, he criticizes those whom the playwrights of a former day used to call their kind friends in front, instead of letting the kind friends in front criticize him. The consequence is sorely and sadly to destroy illusion and lamentably to cheapen and vulgarize art. There is much in common between the playwright and the conjurer, and the conjurer should never explain how it is done. The dramatist is, no doubt, only following an evil example from quarters in which fashions are set. An ex-Premier cannot go on a railway journey without leaning out of the

carriage-window, and delaying the whole system of traffic while he makes a speech. All sorts of little people whose vanity is greater than their self-respect publish their reminiscences, the unfortunate effect of which is that many of those whose autobiographies would really interest and enlighten readers decline to follow a far too prevalent fashion; the private life of every public or semi-public personage is dragged to the front and discussed; and the playwright, not content with the excellent and natural chances afforded him by the stage of making his views known, must seek further opportunities of ascending the platform, entice interviewers to hunt him up in out-of-the-way places, discourse about his doings in the reviews and magazines, and exhaust a vast deal of ingenuity, which might be very much better employed, in keeping his name before the public by what may be called extraneous devices. Can anybody imagine Sheridan holding forth to a cheap audience on the subject of comedy construction, and explaining how he came to write *The School for Scandal*? Very much lesser men than he, indeed, know something of the value of reticence; but the representative of the new school of playwright will still be talking and trying to persuade every one who will listen to him that he is a far cleverer fellow than could be suspected by persons who only saw his plays.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is quite the French falconer of modern playwrights, and flies at anything he sees if "fame" may thereby be secured. One would not have looked for a disquisition on play-making from the direction of Commercial Street, Whitechapel, E.; but there Mr. Jones saw the opportunity, and thither he flew, to hold forth on the subject of his profession, and to promulgate doctrines which strike us as being, in several respects, open to adverse comment and criticism. We shall certainly not be accused of too lightly regarding literature from any reasonable standpoint; but a parlous deal of nonsense is talked about literature in connexion with contemporary plays. To a considerable extent Sheridan is responsible for this, as thus—he made the characters of his best-known comedy frequenters of an artificial society in which repartee and epigram were the vogue, and false sentiment, expressed in inflated terms, rhetorical and antithetical, was a familiar style of diction. Most of the characters say admirably pointed and witty things; and so *The School for Scandal* is—and of course most properly—accepted as a literary production. But, in truth, the dialogue allotted to Moses, who constantly says, "I'll take my oath of that!" and, for the rest, is chiefly occupied in explaining the tricks of usury, is quite as literary as the satire of Lady Teazle and her intimates. So, too, in Goldsmith. Tony Lumpkin's dialogue is quite as good literature as the studied periods of Hastings and Miss Neville. "O damn anything that's low; I cannot bear it," says the Third Fellow at the "Three Pigeons." He it is who protests that, "though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelst of tunes; 'Water Parted' or the Minuet in *Ariadne*!" Literature this, because it is the natural and appropriate conversation of such a man as this innumerate Third Fellow would be. So, too, in a score of places in Shakespeare we may find coarse and clumsy repartee, the expression of abject ignorance; but it is literature. An abstract philosophical proposition, a theory of life, a recognition of the vanity of human wishes, or any one of the eternal subjects on which poets have been eloquent in all ages, may be magnificently expressed, and yet not pass muster as good dramatic literature unless it fulfils two indispensable requirements—suitability to the character and to the "situation"; while Launce's description of the iniquities of his dog Crab is again literature of the best.

When, therefore, Mr. Jones, in considering the three leading aspects from which a play may be regarded, sets it down "first as a piece of writing and a piece of literature," we want a more concise view of what he supposes to be literature. His second aspect in which he considers a play is "as a representation of life, a picture of living men and women," and he goes on to the thirdly, "as a story, a series of situations." This demand for a story Mr. Jones derides as childish, and though he condescendingly let it be known that he "does not wish to decry or belittle the very delightful art of telling a story without any reference to the moral to be drawn from it"—which is so kind of Mr. Jones, seeing that such stories were told and retold, to the delight of hearers, for centuries before the Christian era—he is evidently very sorry for those who think a story of primary importance. Our contention is that you cannot—even if you chance to be Mr. Jones—pull a play to pieces and regard it from a series of "aspects." A good play fulfils certain requirements, and if a play does not fulfil them it is not good. The child is father to the man, and that child's son wants his story; but it must be carried on by the aid of well-defined and well-contrasted characters, or it is not a good story for dramatic purposes; and the characters must talk in literary style—that

is to say, appropriately—or the dialogue will be bad, and so one of the requisites will be wanting. With reference to construction Mr. Jones had something to say, his assertion being that "the moment the construction of a play became so ingenious as to be noticeable, at that moment it passed the limits and convicted the playwright of an attempt not to paint human nature, but to show his own cleverness." But here we think Mr. Jones misses the mark; for, if the construction of a play becomes noticeable and distracts or attracts attention, its ingenuity is at fault—it is, in fact, not ingenious. Mr. Jones wondered at the fact that it was found possible by some "to accept with perfect pleasure and satisfaction a dramatic story in which the character-drawing was entirely subjugated and subordinated to the story and the incidents"; but it is not clear that this is possible. To say that one is interested in a story implies that one is interested in the characters by whom the story is carried on. It is impossible to be interested in an abstraction. Were it otherwise, a stout lady of fifty might appear to represent the heroine; her wrongs would be as deep as those of a slim young lady of less than half her age, but it is to be feared that she would evoke less sympathy.

In his condemnation of the logical, Mr. Jones leans to the naturalistic playwright, whose work, from any truly dramatic standpoint, is naught. Mr. Jones has "heard a good deal about 'logical' construction, 'logical' development, 'logical' dénouement, but that was quite out of place. There was nothing logical about human nature." Putting aside inquiries as to the difference between the construction and the development of a play, it must be asserted that there is a great deal that is logical about human nature, and if there were not, it would probably have to be imported for dramatic purposes. No one ever was, or ever will be, persuaded by argument to like a play that did not appeal to him—that he did not feel to be sympathetic. We are quite aware that in saying this we are working back to that demand for a story which Mr. Jones condemns as childish. But what is drama? Is it not "make-believe," illusion? Weak as Mr. Jones may think us, we want our stories; most assuredly he cannot point to any play, in any country, that has succeeded except by reason of its story, and until one or two can be brought forward to support an argument, we shall continue to doubt whether any dramatic work denuded of what we hold to be its primary essential ever will so succeed. "Plot, story, and construction should be inferior to the truthful exhibition of life and character," Mr. Jones says, and if it were not rude we should say "Nonsense." The student of life and character has merely to lean against the nearest lamp-post. Nothing can be more truthful than the exhibitions of life and character that he will then see. He may pick his locality, moreover, and have his studies of life mild, strong, or medium. He may see Eccles staggering out of a public-house, Esther and Polly tripping home from rehearsal, Hawtree and George D'Alroy driving over Westminster Bridge in a hansom cab; he may see Benjamin Goldfinch and his brother turning into a restaurant; a hundred types are before him; but no interest attaches to them unless they are personages in a story. Story is, in fact, indispensable, and there will have to be a vast change in the human mind before story can be dispensed with and disregarded. Human nature is now identical with what it was three centuries ago, and there seems no cogent reason why it should suddenly and entirely alter at the end of the year 1891. It may be childish—indeed, Mr. Jones says it is—but there is no immediate cause to doubt that, in the future as in the past, the exhibition of certain occurrences on the stage will give pleasure and awaken interest in proportion to the force and ingenuity of the surrounding circumstances—the discomfiture of selfishness and trickery, the exposure of false pretence, the rewarding of patience and generosity. Mr. Jones is a little severe on several of his brother dramatists whom the world—the ignorant world, from Mr. Jones's point of view—agrees in esteeming. There is M. Sardou, for instance, whose methods he condemns; and he does not approve of Scribe. If Mr. Jones would only condescend to write a play half as good as *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, or the *Bataille de Dames*, in both of which Scribe had a hand about the time Mr. Jones was born, or as *Les Pattes de Mouche*, which M. Sardou produced a few years later, his criticisms on dramatic composition would be accepted with a great deal more respect than anyone can now give to them.

HONITON LACE AND THE TECHNICAL GRANT.

SOME time ago we drew attention to the deplorable condition into which the lace-making industry in Devonshire was likely to fall unless vigorous steps were taken to revive it. The recent grant in aid of Technical Education shows that now the

time has arrived for a definite scheme to be started and to place the manufacture on a firm basis, so that it may be able to hold its own against foreign and other competition. In Germany and Bohemia there are grants in aid of technical schools for teaching lace-making, and in France artistic and intelligent men guide and direct the industry. Even in the British dominions, although now the production of Irish lace is left to private enterprise, when its revival was first taken in hand, a few years ago, Government sanctioned a special grant from the Science and Art Department of the South Kensington Museum, in order to start lectures and classes in convents and schools upon the treatment and composition of lace patterns. This grant has come to an end, but classes are still held in the convent schools to teach drawing and ornamental design. The success of these efforts is shown by the steady market there now is for Irish lace, more especially in America. Meanwhile, the equally deserving Honiton lace industry has been left to struggle on as best it could, the uneducated peasant workers being without guide as to good taste or the fashions of the day, and naturally picking off their patterns from the sources nearest at hand, often of a most debased and inartistic design. We have before mentioned an idea of giving lace-making or any other local industry a place in the curriculum under the Education Act, and this suggestion is strengthened by the fact that, even with the start that the manufacture of Irish lace has made, there are thoughts in Ireland of applying to Government for some arrangement of the kind. It would be an immense help, especially to lace-making, where, as in pianoforte or violin playing, supple fingers have to be acquired early in youth. In schools, the hours allotted to needlework are so ample that almost too elaborate a standard has been reached for common use amongst the poor. Might not a little of this time be devoted to a local industry, with still a sufficient proficiency in practical plain work? Then, again, free-hand drawing has recently been made a grant-earning part of the School Code—might not this also be utilized for the design of patterns in districts where there is a demand for them?

Of course, in Ireland their Local Government Act is still in embryo, and no Technical Education Grant through a County Council is available; but here in England, where these Councils are in thorough working order, and large sums are at their disposal for Technical Education, a grant ought to be made to this most deserving and artistic (as it should be) local industry. It is a question whether this grant would be best applied to the purpose of starting a school of instruction in the manual part of lace-making in connexion with the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, which would no doubt readily furnish artistic designs, or whether it would be better to start schools for drawing and lace-designing. This must be left to the knowledge of local needs which the County Council ought to possess. We must, however, express our surprise that, while making large grants for lectures and instruction in cookery, veterinary science, &c. (of which we do not for a moment doubt the utility), yet the Devonshire County Council has up to the present entirely neglected a local industry like that of Honiton lace. In 1887 Mr. Alan Cole, Commissioner from the South Kensington Museum, made a valuable report on the then condition of the Honiton lace industry, and in the month of March, 1888, this was ordered to be printed in return to an address to the House of Commons; but, beyond private munificence, no further action has been taken in this matter. At this moment Mr. Cole is engaged upon an inquiry and inspection of lace-making in the counties of Northampton, Buckingham, and Berke, with the view of issuing a report upon them similar to the one about Honiton lace, and with the ultimate object of getting a grant from the money at the disposal of the County Councils of those counties for Technical Education. All this consensus of opinion is likely, we hope, to lead to good results so far as the County Councils are concerned; but we consider that their efforts would be greatly assisted, as we have before said, by an early practice of the art at preliminary schools. In the country especially, the present educational code has a great tendency to force the pupils through their standards as fast as possible, almost amounting to a system of cramming, so that they should leave school at the earliest age allowable. This enables them to help the bread-winners by looking after the babies at home or going out to farm-service, the only domestic service available at such an early age. We believe that, if some remunerative industry like this lace-making were taught, it would induce the parents to leave their children rather longer at school, with the knowledge that when they returned home at all events, if not before, it would give them lucrative employment during the spare moments of household work; while those who showed a decided taste for the art would be led to join the proposed technical schools and learn lace-making as their profession. It is very difficult exactly to trace which is cause and which is effect. There is no doubt that the demand for Honiton

lace is much less than it used to be; but we do not agree with those who argue from this that a greater supply of superior quality would not again increase the demand. On the other hand, there is no doubt that there is always a great demand both for cheap and expensive lace—in fact, it may be classed quite as one of the necessities of life in the arts of dressing and decoration. Hand-made cheap lace can never compete with machine-made; the price would mean starvation; but lace of a superior fabric and design will always meet with patronage. We must also warn the middleman not to raise his profits so high as to drive the trade from the country, for it is already heavily handicapped by the foreign State-aided laces. There are still living many workers who are capable of doing the most beautiful stitches, equal to Brussels, Old Flemish, or other Points, but who are not capable of initiating patterns for themselves. In an interesting article by Mr. Cole, in *The Magazine of Art* for November, there are some illustrations of beautiful lace executed in the Honiton district; but hardly one of these patterns is original, the design in nearly all the cases being copied from old foreign lace, or drawings by the nuns in convents in Ireland, or the Crawford Municipal School of Art at Cork. This fact must not be lost sight of in any new scheme that may be formulated; the younger generation of workers must not only be taught the manual part of the industry, but also the art of design. However good imitations may be, no artistic industry can flourish without showing inventive power; moreover, modern lace, like every other article of costume, must show elasticity, and march to a certain extent with the tastes and fashions of the day. This is not perhaps the highest ideal; but it is practical, and absolutely necessary to ensure a constant demand.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

THE growth of great cities and the ceaseless turmoil of business makes the inevitable traffic an intolerable nuisance. We are inclined to look back with envy on the comparative quiet of former centuries, when, though the thoroughfares were narrow and the roadways rugged, there were neither cabs nor omnibuses, and few coaches, and when even carts or waggons were scarce. The amphibious Venetians, with their exceptional advantages, must have lived in almost idyllic peace. There were no perilous crossings in overcrowded streets; there was no shouting by clamorous omnibus-cads, no swearing at large by excited and jealous cabdrivers. The only disturbing sound was the sonorous warning cry of the deep-chested gondoliers as they shaved the corners with the dexterity of a lifelong practice. The traffic, such as it was, regulated itself; for classes were sharply defined and divided, under the rule of an aristocratic oligarchy, in the city that had literally been planted on the lagoons. The poor people—the butchers' boys, the fishmongers' men, and all the rest—were confined to the narrow back streets, smelling strongly of salt fish or of rotten water melons according to the season; and the patricians need keep up no stablefuls of horses, eating their heads off and ailing from incessant surfeits. The family carriages were moored off the grand entry of the mansion; the coachmen lay dreaming away existence on the stairs, that were cushioned and tapestried with "the clinging salt sea weed" of *Childe Harold*, and the master on the spur of the moment could throw up a window and call them. No doubt, there are drawbacks to that watery way of living; the wine-cellar might be more or less of an aquaria, and we have understood that the modern merchant princes of Amsterdam and Rotterdam must guard themselves against low fevers and agues by the use or abuse of strong spirits and tobacco.

But no lot in life can be absolutely happy, and it is an evil wind that blows nobody any good. If stagnant canals are good friends to the doctors, the London drivers are the most generous patrons of the surgeons, and indirectly they stimulate the charity of the benevolent by filling the accident wards of the hospitals. The hansom, which seems to be steadily running the four-wheeler off the stands, may be a handy enough conveyance, but it is a specially dangerous one. We say nothing of the chance of disproving its name of "patent-safety," when the fare is shot out headlong over the fallen horse, with the heavy portmanteaux, which are balanced upon the roof, on the top of him, and with the certainty, if the glasses happen to be down, of having his classical beauty irretrievably injured. But the hansom driver is almost always in extremes. He is either crawling or driving furiously like Jehu. You come to a crossing, and wait with more or less patience, while empty cab after empty cab drives by in funeral procession, filling up the intervals between the private carriages and lumbering omnibuses. At last the experienced pedestrian fancies he sees his chance, and slips through the flooded stream towards the island of the blest, where the raised pavement

beneath the lamp-post offers a restful half-way house. As he knows his business, he has his legs under control; and a sudden pull-up very barely saves him from being juggernauted or mangled by a flying hansom cutting in at the gallop. But our timid country cousins in these circumstances must almost infallibly come to grief. Their one idea is to leave the crossing behind; and they are given to make headlong plunges in sheer nervous desperation. When we see country girls and stiff spinsters from quiet rural towns rushing excitedly across the thoroughfares hand in hand; when we think of elderly ladies, short-sighted and rheumatic, getting out of omnibuses before the Bank, distracted between the whirl of the wheels about them and their terror of the business they are about to transact, we only wonder that our streets are not strewn with corpses, and that it has not been found necessary to establish municipal ambulance corps to carry away the dead and wounded. It says much for the vigilance of the policemen on duty, that serious casualties are not much more common. These policemen must deal with human nature as they find it, and their difficulties are great. If we blame the cabman for reckless driving, in conscience we must admit extenuating circumstances. His business is at least as speculative as that of the stock-jobber, and he has neither the chance of big windfalls nor the hope of a handsome fortune. Before he puts a single shilling in his purse, he must pay the day's rack-rent for his vehicle. His first idea naturally is to get as much out of his horse as may be; and his second, that his fare will come down more handsomely if he is taken to his destination at an exhilarating pace. Old frequenters of Cremorne Gardens, and of the more vulgar Highbury Barn, will remember the rushing and galloping of the cabs on the homeward road towards the dissipated purlieus of the Haymarket. The drivers knew they would get many a half-sovereign for a half-crown by taking it mercilessly out of their unfortunate screws. No; the careless or furious driving can only be tempered, for it can never be absolutely suppressed, by occasionally making severe examples at the police-courts *pour encourager les autres*. And even nowadays, after dusk, when the policemen for the most part have been taken off duty at the crossings, the dangers of the streets are indefinitely increased. By that time it is not uncharitable to conclude that a fair proportion of the drivers have been over-stimulated by nipping and too frequent pots of beer. Business is getting brisk with a class of easy-going customers, who have either dined or who are going out to dinner. The man who has dined at his club before catching a night-train has most likely, in the language of Scripture, "well drunken"; the man who is to dine out in Bayswater or South Kensington in all probability is belated after loitering over his toilette. He genially shouts to the cabman to make haste; and the cabman, who has "great expectations," eagerly takes him at his word. They go tearing down Brompton-ways past Tattersall's, behind a horse that would hardly fetch a "tenner" there; or up the Edgware Road, between the street-stalls; and it must be rather owing to good luck than to good guidance if they arrive without being guilty of manslaughter. Although, wherever the mixed company of the London cabmen may be recruited, it is an undoubted fact that they can generally drive. Carelessness, recklessness, or drink is answerable for almost all accidents. Whereas in Continental cities, and notably in Paris, the rule is the other way. No Parisian jarvey has the faintest notion of driving; his reins are always dangling loose; and when he must pull himself together to steer clear of a collision he has to take in reef after reef before feeling his bits. The Place de l'Opéra and the Place du Palais Royal, as it used to be called, with their lines of vehicles eccentrically intercrossing at every possible angle, are Places of Death and Terror and the veritable antechambers of the Morgue. But though it be true that Londoners may be grateful for their relative mercies, there is no reason why things should not be made very much safer for them. The County Council, amidst its multifarious cares and occupations, should seriously take the noxious crawlers in hand. The man who jogs along at a snail's pace, with one eye on the pavement and the other on the police; or, worse still, who suddenly and arbitrarily changes his direction when he fancies he sees signs of some possible shilling, ought to be summarily taken in charge and severely fined in the interests of the public safety. After he has knocked off each separate bit of business, he should be compelled to go straight back to his stand at a reasonable pace. We might have something to say as to the remodelling of tariffs and hours of labour, for we believe that the cabman is both overworked and underpaid. And we might say still more on the treatment of cab and tramway horses. But that must make the subject of another article.

MONEY MATTERS.

LAST week the Directors of the Bank of England reduced their rate of discount to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from 4 per cent., at which it had stood for exactly six weeks. A reduction in the last month of the year is very unusual; only twice within twenty years had it previously occurred. Last year, in anticipation of the Baring crisis, the Directors put up their rate early in November to 6 per cent.; and when the crisis was over they lowered it again, early in December, to 5 per cent. For a second instance we have to go back to 1873. It will be recollected that then the German Government took immense amounts of gold from London to carry out the demonetization of silver and the substitution of gold as the standard of value. The Bank of England rate, in consequence of that and the panics in the United States and upon the Continent, had to be raised in November to 9 per cent., and it was lowered very soon afterwards. It will be seen that reductions of the rate are not only unusual in December, but that during the past twenty years they have never occurred except after a severe crisis. That the Directors of the Bank of England felt themselves justified in making a change now is satisfactory, inasmuch as it seems to prove that they are satisfied the danger of a crash in Paris or Berlin has passed away—for the time being at all events. A few weeks ago there were serious fears that a crisis could not be averted. Happily, owing partly to the action of the Russian Government, those fears have now been dispelled. That being so, the Directors of the Bank of England hardly had an option. They had given up as hopeless the attempt to keep up the value of money, and the rate of discount in the open market had in consequence fallen to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. When that was so, it was obviously useless to keep the Bank-rate at 4 per cent. But the question remains whether the lowering of the rate will lead to large gold withdrawals and to a disturbance of the market by-and-by. As a matter of course, the joint-stock banks put down to 2 per cent. the rate they allow upon deposits, and this week the discount-houses lowered their rates on deposits to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for money at call and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for money at notice, and it was an inevitable result that the rate of discount in the open market should decline similarly; it is, in fact, therefore little better than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This means that a great financial house, wishing to take gold from London for export, can discount its bills in the open market at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or a little more, and can employ the money in taking away the gold. The fall in rates, therefore, makes it much easier to withdraw gold than it was previously. The Spanish Government, as our readers are aware, is just raising a loan of the nominal amount of 10 millions sterling in Four per Cent. Internal Redeemable Bonds, one of the objects being to repay to the Bank of Spain a portion of the debt due from the Government and thereby enable the Bank to obtain gold and silver. It is said that the Government has made such arrangements as ensure the success of the loan, and if so the Bank of Spain will almost certainly by-and-by take both gold and silver from London. Probably, however, it will take much more silver than gold, silver being comparatively very much cheaper. Again, there is a fear that the Russian Government may have to take gold for the purpose of paying for the food and seed needed for the starving peasantry. But it hardly seems likely that the Russian Government will be in a position to take very much. Thirdly, it is possible that at the end of the year there may be a demand for gold for the Continent; but, all things considered, large withdrawals for the Continent do not seem very probable. The real danger is that the United States may begin to draw upon London more largely than has yet been the case. Owing to the bad harvests all over Europe, and to the stoppage of the grain exports from Russia, Europe has to depend more largely than ever before upon the United States for food. The grain exports of the United States have, therefore, become unprecedentedly large, and they are sure to continue so until the next harvest. Thus it seems certain that American capitalists can take as much gold from Europe as they require. But how much they will require it is quite impossible to ascertain at present. In the first half of this year about 15 millions sterling in gold were exported from the United States to Europe, and most people thought that when the harvest came in those 15 millions would be taken back again; but, as a matter of fact, only about 6 millions sterling have been so taken. It is quite possible, therefore, that the American demand may prove much smaller than was generally anticipated. On the other hand, it is open to any one to argue that the American demand has been only postponed, and that as trade improves in consequence of the immense European demand for food, and speculation revives under the influence of general prosperity, the coin and note circulation of the United States will so expand that it will become necessary to draw upon Europe.

for large amounts of gold. If that turns out to be the case, the European money markets will be disturbed in the spring, when they are usually very easy, and the Bank of England will have to retrace its steps, and once more put up its rate.

Early in the week there was an attempt to revive speculation in the silver market, and the price was advanced to 44d. per oz.; but on Wednesday it fell back again to 43½d. per oz. It is alleged by those who are attempting to bring about a rise that the Indian demand has been exceptionally small for over a year, and that it will increase now, when India is selling so much wheat. Secondly, that Spain will buy a large quantity to comply with the law, as soon as the new Spanish loan is placed. And, thirdly, that there is a probability of Russia buying largely, while at the same time it is alleged that the McKinley Act, by putting obstacles in the way of the import of Mexican silver ores into the United States, has checked production in the States, the Mexican ores being useful in treating the native ore. To all this, however, it seems to be sufficient to reply that, since the middle of August of last year, a period of sixteen months, the American Treasury has been buying silver at the rate of 4½ million ounces every month, and yet the price has fallen from over 54d. per oz. to under 44d. per oz. If the American Government cannot keep up the price, is it likely that a little increase in the Indian demand, together with a temporary demand by a poor country like Spain, can have much influence upon it?

As usual, just before Christmas, the stock markets have been almost without business during the week, yet prices are exceedingly well maintained. In the foreign market the speculators for the fall, who have recently been "cornered" by the Paris syndicate of bankers, are afraid to begin operations again, while nobody is buying except in Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian. For the moment interest in the market centres in Portuguese bonds. The Portuguese Government alleges that it has the money to pay the January coupon; but it is known that the Government is endeavouring to borrow both in London and Paris, and its assurances, therefore, do not meet with much belief. If the coupon is paid, the probability is that the market will remain steady for some time longer; if the coupon is not paid, there will be another break in Portuguese, and the whole market is likely to be disorganized. This week the belief that it will be paid has been somewhat strengthened, and Portuguese have risen. Spanish have also risen. It is said that the Spanish Government has made such arrangements as ensure the success of the new loan for 10 millions sterling nominal. When the loan is placed, the Government will pay over a couple of millions to the Bank of Spain, which in turn will buy gold and silver enough to comply with the law, and then it is said the notes will rise once more to par, and the crisis will be at an end. In the belief that all this will happen, Spanish capitalists, it is said, have been buying in London this week. There has also been a recovery in Italian bonds, stimulated apparently by the new Conventions with Germany and Austria, which it is hoped will put an end to the extreme depression in Italian trade that has prevailed ever since the breaking off of the commercial treaty with France. In the American market there has been little business; but prices are somewhat higher. The traffic returns of the railway Companies are wonderfully good, and there is no doubt that they will continue good at least until next harvest. Trade generally, too, is improving, and the money market continues easy. An impression prevails, therefore, that before very long we shall see a regular boom in the American market; but so soon before Christmas the public does not care to engage in new risks. The Home Railway market is fairly steady. There is nothing fresh to report respecting the wheat market, and trade generally is quiet, but fairly good.

During the week markets have been surprisingly firm, considering how near the Christmas holidays are. The changes in quotations have not been remarkable or numerous. In the Home Railway market North-Eastern Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 160½—a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of 1½; but in the other investment stocks there have not been alterations calling for notice. The Deferred Stocks, however, have moved a good deal. Brighton A closed on Thursday afternoon at 151½—a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of 2½. Great Northern Deferred closed at 75, a rise of 1; Caledonian Deferred closed at 44½, a rise of ½; and South-Eastern A closed at 86½, also a rise of ½. In the American market the movements have generally been upward, and in the sound investment shares they have been considerable. Illinois shares rose most of all; they closed on Thursday afternoon at 111, a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of as much as 2½. The advance in Pennsylvania shares was nearly as great. It will be borne in mind that Pennsylvania shares are of the nominal value of 50 dollars, while most others—Illinois, New

York Central, and the like—are of the nominal value of 100 dollars. A rise of 1, therefore, in Pennsylvania is as large as a rise of 2 in the others. Pennsylvania shares closed on Thursday at 58½, an advance, compared with the preceding Thursday, of 1½. New York Central shares closed at 122, a rise of 1½. Turning now to the speculative shares, which are entirely unsuited for the investor proper, we find the greatest rise in Union Pacific, which, it will be recollected, had a very heavy fall a couple of months ago, and are still much lower than they were earlier in the year. They closed on Thursday at 43½, a rise of 1½. Milwaukee shares closed at 81½, a rise of ½; Erie closed at 32, a rise of ½, and Reading closed at 19½, also a rise of ½. In international securities the recovery still continues. Spanish, on the prospect of the success of the new loan, closed on Thursday afternoon at 67½, a rise of 1½. Italian closed at 91½, a rise of 1; Portuguese closed at 34½, a rise of ½; Russian closed at 94½, a rise of ½; Egyptian Unified closed at 95½, a rise of ½; Egyptian Preferences closed at 90½, a rise of ½; and French Rentes closed at 95½, a rise of ½. Turning to the South American market, we find a marked recovery in Brazilian stocks. The Four and a Half per Cents of 1888 closed at 65-6, a rise of 2½; and there was a similar rise in the Four per Cents of 1889, which closed at 61-2. In Argentine securities, on the other hand, there is a general fall. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 61, a fall of 1; the Funding Loan closed at 54, a fall of 2. But it is in Argentine Railway stocks that the greatest depreciation is shown. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed on Thursday afternoon at 118-20, a fall, compared with the preceding Thursday, of 5. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 63-6, a fall of 6; and Central Argentine closed at 41-4, a fall of as much as 8.

SOME NEW MOSAICS.

WE have recently inspected, at Salvati's studio in Regent Street, some cartoons of important mosaics, executed by the firm at Murano, which prove that Dr. Giulio Salvati, the son and successor of the fine artist who revived so successfully nearly fifty years ago the then almost lost art of Venetian mosaic-making, is determined to maintain his father's reputation. The cartoons in question are those of the mosaics executed for the Cathedral of Amalfi, one of the finest specimens of blended Byzantine and Norman and Italian Gothic architecture extant, but until the present time, like many other great Italian churches, without a façade. A new west front, however, designed by Signor Alvino as far back as 1870, has, at last, thanks to the indefatigable zeal of the Archbishop, aided by the principal citizens, been completed in the most satisfactory manner. This façade is in early Italian Gothic, and constructed of red, white, and black marble. A splendid portico, with ambulatories on either side, screens the great bronze doors, which are reached by a majestic flight of marble steps. The whole front of the church blazes with Venetian mosaic, so that when the sun shines on it "it looks," says a correspondent, "like burnished gold." The tympanum is filled by a vast mosaic picture, designed by Signor Domenico Morelli and Signor Paolo Vetro, the cartoon of which we have been privileged to see. It is a work of colossal proportion, but in harmony with the architecture of the church. The centre is occupied by a gigantic Byzantine figure of Christ seated on a throne, and surrounded by the winged emblems of the four Evangelists. On either side, at His feet, a multitude of kings, prostrate in adoration. The colouring is extremely rich and vivid, recalling that of the mosaics in the apse of the Church of Saint Appollinare in Classe at Ravenna. The background is, as usual, in burnished gold. Immediately underneath is a series of figures representing, in the same archaic style, the Twelve Apostles. In the portico mosaic-work has also been used with admirable effect. In short, wherever it has been possible to introduce Venetian, or perhaps, more properly speaking, Byzantine, mosaic, it has been done, and with most satisfactory results. This façade, with its magnificent mosaics, is altogether one of the finest works of the kind undertaken since Italy has become united.

Within the past few weeks, the great mosaic pictures executed by Salvati at Murano for the decoration of the eight spandrels under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral have been placed in position. They represent the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, from designs of the late Mr. Alfred Stevens; St. Matthew, designed by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and reproduced full-sized in Venice from a small sketch; St. John, also by Mr. Watts; and St. Luke and St. Mark by Mr. Britten. They are in the grandiose style of Michelangelo, and, although not quite in keeping with the seventeenth-century architecture of the church, are nevertheless exceedingly imposing. It must be a matter of

great satisfaction to Mr. Penrose to see the work in which he has taken so deep an interest completed in so happy a manner. Thornhill's frescoes in the cupola are doubtless admirable works; but being in chiaro-oscuro at so great a height, produce little or no effect. Without being Vandals, we may hope that the time is not distant when they will be replaced by some other and more brilliant design, or else reproduced in mosaics and in colours, although even then they will not harmonize with the austere prophets and evangelists immediately under them.

It is impossible to mention Salviati without thinking of the exquisite glass ware with which his name is associated, and which he revived after a sleep of nearly two hundred years. Fortunately the old models are still extant, and the artistic will find in Regent Street the beautiful *calici azzuri*, the *vermicellato* glass, and the *avventurino*, into which flakes of pure gold dust are injected whilst the glass is still liquid, and before it is blown into shape. Many of the new forms are very beautiful, but we almost prefer the older and quainter designs which are so thoroughly Venetian. The new colours, however, are most beautiful. The mirrors and chandeliers are as decorative and magnificent as they were in the days of Bianca Capello; but we missed the engraved glass, which was a speciality of Venice, and which was so greatly appreciated by Louis XIV.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE Royalty Theatre, which is not usually associated with fortune, is just now very deservedly in luck's way. Not for a long time have we seen anything of the kind so well done as the performance of a fairy extravaganza and comic Christmas pantomime, by the London Juvenile Opera Troupe. The first piece is entitled *Cock Robin and Jenny Wren*, and the second *Old King Cole and Good Queen Cole*, which leads up to a good old-fashioned rollicking Christmas pantomime, which the little people who represent it enjoy quite as much as the children who fill the theatre. Mr. W. C. Gillington, the author of *Cock Robin*, has not hesitated to take considerable liberties with the great historical facts related in the Books of Nursery Rhymes. The tragic history of Cock Robin in the stage version dates from the wedding-day of the luckless hero. It will be remembered that in the chronicle there is no mention whatever of this alliance. Robin is about to conduct to the hymeneal altar Jenny Wren, when the catastrophe overtakes him which fills bird-land with clamorous indignation. We are, however, not shown upon the stage the exact means by which the unhappy Robin came by his untimely end. The arrow does not whizz through the air, and Cock Robin simply lays him down and dies—possibly of fatty degeneracy of the heart, for he is an exceedingly plump little bird. No apparent motive is assigned for the dastardly deed committed by the wicked Sparrow, and here we think Mr. Gillington has not exhibited his "dramatic instincts" at their best. Surely the Sparrow was jealous of Cock Robin? However, the dramatist has great imaginative resources, and the *dénouement*, which is a happy one, is singularly original. Just as the Owl, as in history, is about to dig the grave, Cock Robin comes to life again, and announces his intention of continuing his matrimonial arrangements with Miss Wren. He has been only slightly wounded, and in a syncope. The birds, who have been sobbing bitterly, now chirp in great glee, and the curtain falls amid general rejoicing. *King Cole and Queen Cole* is a pantomime, words by Mr. W. Young, music by Mr. Pascal Florian. There is not much plot in this work—in fact, it is merely an episode in the lives of the celebrated sovereigns in question. The famous monarch, concerning whose true history we are still in considerable doubt, is, as all the world knows, chiefly renowned for his mirthful disposition; and in the play we behold him calling for his fiddlers three, his pipe, and—we are reluctant to say it—for his grog. The fiddlers appear, and so does the Queen and her attendants; and then there is much confusion in the Court of the Coles, for her Majesty, though good, is not jovial. When matters have reached a climax the Queen suggests that all may yet be well if "Every he shall marry a she;" and no sooner said than done. The harlequinade which follows is excellent fooling of its sort. The clown—a very clever little boy—sings "Hot Codlins," and the policeman is duly chased with a red-hot poker. A radiant Columbine dances to the evident delight of an excellent representative of Pantaloon, and all the business and rollicking fun of good old times is revived, and grown-up people as well as children seem to enjoy it all mightily, for the heartiest laughter resounds throughout the little house. As to the acting, it is simply wonderful. Little Grace Murielle, who sings charmingly, is a host in herself. The dancing is capital, notably spirited being a *pas de quatre*. We might suggest that some of the solo singing might be omitted. The small vocalists are not always in

tune. The costumes are magnificent and the scenery very pretty. In a word, a decided success.

Mr. Edward Compton, having found that *The Liar* was pleasantly welcomed, has now revived *The Road to Ruin*, which was so successful at the Vaudeville some years ago, with Mr. Charles Warner as Dornton. Mr. Clarence Blakiston now plays the part, and by no means badly, but he lacks distinction. Mr. Lewis Ball is an excellent Old Dornton, and Mr. Sydney Paxton is as glum as glum can be as Mr. Sulky. Goldfinch is a capital type of the sporting man of the last century, and Mr. Compton rattles through the part with exceeding vivacity. He reiterates the famous catch phrase "That's your sort" with so much spirit, that people are somehow or other convinced that it is a very droll saying, and laugh uproariously at what in reality is an empty sentence, introduced as often as not in the wrong place. Mr. Young Stewart is an excellent Silky. The rest of the men's parts are indifferently acted. The Widow Warren is played by Miss Elinor Aickin a trifle too deliberately. Miss Evelyn McNay as Sophia is graceful and agreeable, but she has not quite mastered the peculiar artificiality—which was quite natural at the time—of the manner of the period of the action of the comedy. This peculiar manner is not necessarily affected, but it should not be neglected, as it gives "colour" to the performance. *The Road to Ruin* will fill the evening bill at the Opera Comique until after Christmas.

La Contessa di Castelvecchio gave a recitation this week at St. James's Hall, under the patronage of the Italian Ambassador and Ambassadress. She is a stately and graceful woman, who is exceptionally gifted as a linguist. There can be no doubt that she possesses dramatic talent of a high order; but at present it is not fully developed. We preferred her Italian and German recitations to the English. On the whole, she appeared to us to have all the qualifications needed rather for an actress than a "reader"—and this, notwithstanding a rather awkward manner of moving her hands. The Contessa was warmly and deservedly applauded.

Messrs. Wilfrid Bendall and Cuninghame Bridgman gave a very successful performance of their new operetta, *He Stoops to Win*, at the Lyric Club on Tuesday afternoon. The plot is trivial, and the lyrics are about as good as usual. He disguises himself as a valet to win the heart of his lady-love in that humble character. Then his future father-in-law finds out that he is the son of an old comrade in arms, and all ends well. Mr. Wilfrid Bendall's music is very pretty and bright. The two best songs are "Oh! give me back the good old days" and the soprano aria "I love him so." This graceful trifle was very well interpreted by Miss Rosina Brandram and Miss Decima Moore, and by Mr. Courtice Pounds and Mr. Walran Brownlow.

Mr. Comyns Carr's comedy *Forgiveness* will be performed at the St. James's Theatre on Wednesday, December 30. Mr. John Hare will produce *A Fool's Paradise*, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, on January 2. The new play by Mr. Haddon Chambers will be represented for the first time on December 22. It will be entitled *The Honourable Herbert*.

A notable actor, Mr. Pennington, took his farewell of the stage last week. He appeared as Cardinal Richelieu in a selection of scenes from Bulwer's play. His method, though an old-fashioned and rather stagey one, is full of merits of no mean order. At any rate, it displayed a knowledge of how blank verse should be spoken, which younger actors might take to heart and imitate with advantage to themselves and the much-talked of literary drama of the future.

Mr. Brandon Thomas has transferred his attractive programme to the Court Theatre, only varying it by substituting *Good for Nothing* for *The Lancashire Sailor*. Miss Norreys, as the good-for-nothing Nan, plainly shows that her talent lies in comedy, and she plays the reckless wild girl with great humour and cleverness, but misses the pathos of the part. Mr. Brandon Thomas as Tom Dibbles, Mr. Branscombe as Harry Collier, and Mr. Wilfred Draycott as Charley, all make the most of their characters. Mr. Compton Coutts contrives to make young Mr. Simpson sufficiently ridiculous. The rest of the programme, *A Commission* and *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, is already too well known to be remarked upon, further than to say that it goes off with greater fun and zest than ever.

THE WEATHER.

THE storms have continued, with hardly any intermission, during the week, at least as far as our western coasts are concerned, and rain has fallen almost daily at every station in the kingdom. On Thursday, December 10, the difference in barometrical pressure between the Shetlands and Lisbon amounted to nearly two and a quarter inches, the respective readings being

27.93 and 30.32 inches. The natural result was that strong westerly gales were blowing at all the exposed points, and reached force 10 at Dungeness, while 9 was the record from the stations on the coast of Denmark. Rain had fallen heavily during the Wednesday, as much as 0.93 in. being reported from Parsonstown. Friday morning was somewhat calmer, but force 10 was still reported from the Helder and force 9 from Holyhead, the direction still being westerly. The rain which fell on Thursday was less than that of the previous day, and only two of our stations collected as much as half an inch. On Friday night the barometers in the west fell again, and Saturday night was a fearful one in St. George's Channel, much damage being done on land, especially in South Wales. At 8 A.M. on Sunday, the isobars ran very irregularly, and no distinct depression was visible on the map, but force 11 was reported from Hurst Castle in the Solent. The rain which fell during Saturday exceeded an inch at four of the western stations—Roche's Point, 1.70 in.; Valencia Island, 1.32; Scilly, 1.14; and Holyhead, 1.03; while St. Anne's Head, Milford Haven, did not fall far short of the inch. Under the circumstances the floods over England generally do not show much signs of abating. The gale continued in the Channel throughout Sunday. Neither of the two storms we have noticed appears to have crossed the North Sea with the same features of violence they exhibited here. Monday was a somewhat quieter day; but in the evening the barometer again began to go down in the west; while the wind, from calm, began to blow from south-east—the sure sign of fresh disturbance coming on from the Atlantic. This, however, did not develop a serious character; and, though on Tuesday evening strong southerly winds swept over Ireland and the west of Scotland, no heavy gale set in, though rain had again fallen on Monday at every station. Wednesday was a much drier day than any we have had for some time, and the latest information seems to indicate that the storms are taking a more northern track, and that the prospects for London are an anti-cyclone and probable fogs. The temperature has been persistently very high for the season throughout the week; at many stations the maximum has been above 53° on most days, being fully ten degrees higher than its indications for the corresponding week of last year. Weather during the week has been much finer in France than with us, though there, too, the period has not been rainless.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT the Goupil Gallery, 116 and 117 New Bond Street, is now on view an exhibition of small bronzes, which is partly very good and partly very bad. Of the Russian *genre*-sculpture, which fills one room, we have lately had occasion to speak. It is curious, ingenious, and utterly inartistic. The French pieces, with a few exceptions, are badly selected, and worse reproduced; we except certain pieces by Barye, Fromiet, and Falguière, which, however, lack novelty. The little group of English bronzes, on the contrary, are of unusual excellence, and would—if something of Mr. Gilbert's were there—exemplify the new movement of sculpture in this country remarkably well. Here are various favourites—the magnificent "Young Himalayan Tiger" of Mr. Swan; Mr. Thornycroft's noble "Teucer," and "The Mower"; a delicate torso by Mr. Onslow Ford, with an exquisite ash-coloured patina on it; Sir Frederick Leighton's "Sluggard"; and some heads by Mr. Lee—not more than twenty specimens in all, but of admirable quality. There is not one of these bronzes which is not pre-eminently fitted for use as a household ornament. We would urge, however, upon Messrs. Bousso, Valadon, & Co. the propriety of forming at the Goupil Gallery, what has never yet been seen in this country, an entire exhibition of picked work in bronze. We should like to see represented there, not merely the recognized masters whom we have mentioned, but also the leading young men of talent, such as Messrs. John, Frampton, Pegram, and Pomeroy. This would be an interesting and novel exhibition.

The work of the students of the Royal Academy was on view at the end of last week in the galleries of that institution. Although this is what is called a "gold year," when the biennial gold medal is awarded, the show was not highly interesting. The landscapes were below the average, which is not very high. The medal for a subject-competition in oil-colours was won by a student who had been inspired by Mr. Alma Tadema, whose influence, and that of Mr. Poynter, seem the ruling ones in historic painting. The sculpture, always creditable, was less original than usual this year, although it produced the sensation of the evening; one student, Mr. Paul Raphael Montford, carrying off no fewer than five prizes. Mr. Montford's principal composition suggested Mr. Thornycroft's relief, "The Mirror," so strongly as to be almost imitative, and we have yet to see

whether this lucky recipient of medals is more than a very adroit modeller and draughtsman. The introduction of a draped figure into the main competition in the round was an interesting innovation of the present year.

At Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, in Vigo Street, is on view a collection of fifty small water-colour drawings, made during the present year, of Nuremberg and Rothenburg-ob-der-Tauber, by Mr. Wilfrid Ball. The subjects of these red-roofed cities, with their walls and waters, are in themselves fascinating. The drawings seem to be finished sketches, put in with a full wet brush, without any drawing or detail, very cleverly and effectively. Perhaps the prettiest of the series, with its mingling of the romantic and the domestic element, is "Nuremberg from the Karls Brücke" (4), the houses rising sheer from the water. But all are charming, and give a delightful sense of the architectural beauty of the small cities of Southern Germany.

Mr. Weedon has collected at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, 148 New Bond Street, sixty of his water-colour drawings illustrating the scenery of the county of Kent. They represent either scenes of sheep-washing, or timbered cottages with crowded gardens, or piles of historical buildings, or views of the Weald of Kent. The artist's architecture, however, is thinly painted, and does not look at all solid, while in his more ambitious landscapes he is apt to get a heavy and monotonous effect with masses of sap-green foliage. It is an exhibition which will please, because it gives a complete and consecutive impression of the attractions of the county; but, from a purely artistic point of view, Mr. Weedon's work must be pronounced a little old-fashioned and faded. Two of the most interesting of Mr. Weedon's drawings represent "Ightham Moat" (51) and "Hever" (59).

At the same gallery Mrs. Evelyn Heathcote exhibits a group of vivacious landscape-drawings of North Italian landscape, in illustration of the poems of Shelley. They are sentimental and emotional, very unequal in execution, but sometimes happy enough in their effects of pearly light on the sea and mist clinging round the foot of mountains. In No. 14 the artist makes us feel the quietness of the sunset hour, with a very still yellow sea, across which a procession of three boats, with triangular sails, passes out into the west. The Venetian drawings are rather conventional, and not so pleasing as the sketches of Viareggio and Lerici.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

IF frequenters of the Westminster Play were asked to name their favourite of the four comedies which form the cycle, the *Phormio*, which is played this year, would probably have a majority of the votes. The dialogue contains fewer familiar lines and phrases than either the *Andria* or the *Adelphi*, and is perhaps inferior to both of these in literary charm; but it is a far better acting play, and the interest is more fully sustained to the end. It is true that the love story on which the plot depends is worked out in the fourth act; but *Phormio* himself is the real hero of the comedy, and the fifth act in which he comes triumphant out of all his difficulties is in some respects the best of the whole play. The presence of the parasite, too, adds one more excellent part to the cast, and while it takes away little from the part of the slave—for Geta is almost as prominent as Syrus in the *Adelphi*—it lessens the importance of the young men. Juvenile characters are not the most interesting parts in Terentian comedy generally, and in this particular play the author seems hardly to have tried to give them individuality. The character of Pamphilus in the *Andria* shows how Terence could draw a young man; but Antipho and Phaedria are mere lay figures. On the other hand, the two old men are excellent. The avarice which is Demipho's ruling motive, and the timid dread of his wife which guides Chremes in every action, give rise to some delightful specimens of the comedy of humours, and no scenes in the play are treated with more consummate skill than those in which the two old men are worsted by the slave and the parasite through the conflict between their several ruling passions.

These two couples of ill-matched antagonists, with the shrewish wife Sostrata, give five excellent acting parts, and this year all are admirably filled. The standard of acting at Westminster has always been wonderfully high, when one considers how few are the Queen's Scholars, from whose number the actors are chosen. But there has been a decided advance during the last few years in the general excellence of the performance. There is less difference than there was between the leading actors and their companions, and this not from any falling off in the principal parts, but from steady improvement in the playing of the minor characters. Notwithstanding the loss of Mr. Phillimore, who was a mainstay of the performance for the previous two years, we have never seen a more thoroughly satisfactory representation than the present. Mr. Shearme was excellent as *Phormio*;

the assumed surprise of his exclamation, "Tune is eras?" after relating the story of the man with two wives, was only surpassed by the triumphant insolence of his attitude as he leant against the wall, watching the old man's discomfiture. Mr. Nesbitt was a good Geta, especially in the scene of the third act, in which he gets the money from Demea and Chremes. His only fault was an occasional want of lightness, and a tendency to keep to the slave's cringing obsequiousness of manner in situations where an exaggerated air of frank honesty would be more effective. Both old men were well up to their work, and there was one point in Mr. Cox's Chremes which we do not remember having observed before. When Sophrona tells him of the death of his Lemnian wife, Mr. Cox utters the conventional phrase "Male factum," in a perfunctory tone, which indicates that his sorrow for her loss is quite drowned in relief at the escape thus afforded him from an awkward situation. We have no doubt that this is the right, because the more dramatic, rendering. Mr. Mayne was a good Nausistrata; there was an air of suppressed malice in his slow walk across the stage towards Chremes which was more effective than violent action. His elocution, too, was excellent.

The Prologue this year is devoted entirely to Dr. Liddell's resignation of the Deanery of Christ Church. His long tenure of this office may have caused many who do not happen to be Old Westminsters to forget his earlier successes during his ten years' headmastership of Westminster; but the graceful reference to his services made in the Prologue proves that his old School is neither forgetful nor thankless.

The Epilogue deals with public events of the past year with the usual bewildering rapidity of transition, and with, perhaps, even more than the usual happiness of versification. Demipho enters as a bearded traveller, with a toy-lion, and replies thus to Geta's congratulations:—

Factorum Africa testis erit Graphicaque Diurnæ
Charta: meos sensit terra Mashona pedes.

He finds that his son Antipho has been sent down from Cambridge. The youth's excuse when he is brought to book is not wanting in ingenuity:—

Non minimum meruere decus vestigia Græcæ
Ausi—nonne placet?—deserere in studiis.

The Salvation Army, the Jackson case, Sharpe v. Wakefield, the Omnibus Strike, the Naval Exhibition, Ibsenism, Theosophy, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, all have their turn; and there are, as usual, plenty of happy parodies and perversions of famous lines. The omnibus-driver complains to Demipho,

Quadrupelante solum sonitu quatit ungula nulla;
Tessera jam nigris cruribus eripitur.

The ruined publican, begging for aid, cries out "Conficior morbo." "Mutato nomine D.T.," retorts Geta, and Phormio excuses himself from giving anything by citing a number of evil omens, which parallel those mentioned by Geta in the play:—

Introit de tecto alienus felis in ædes
Ater: strix cecinit; sal mihi fusus humi;
Tertius et decimus cenavi: contigit ire
Sub scalis: causa est hæc tibi justa.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE chief events of musical interest during the past fortnight have been the various concerts commemorative of the death of Mozart, which took place on December 5, 1791. At the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall the programme naturally comprised only specimens of the great composer's chamber music, interspersed with songs, among the latter being included one—"L'Addio"—which is known to be spurious; but at both the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall the "Requiem" and "Jupiter" Symphony were given, the former work being also performed by the Bach Choir at its concert last Tuesday. Three performances of the "Requiem" within ten days may seem excessive, but lovers of Mozart's music—and what musician worthy the name is there who does not love the purest melodies and most perfect style ever written?—can never tire of hearing Mozart's swan-song, even though it may owe its present form to the pen of the friend who completed it after the master's premature death. The three performances were all characterized by various degrees of merit. At the Crystal Palace the accompaniments were played to perfection by Mr. Mann's orchestra, while at the Albert Hall the singing of Mr. Barnby's Choir was the chief feature of the performance. The acoustic properties of the Albert Hall have the unfortunate effect of bringing the tones of the brass into undue prominence as compared with the rest of the orchestra; the scoring of the "Requiem," in the portion due to Süßmayer, is not its strongest feature, and the excessive promi-

nence of the trombones was accordingly strongly felt, though in other respects the performance was remarkably fine. But, on the whole, the Bach Choir gave the best of the three renderings. The chorus sang extremely well and the band was just strong enough to give the accompaniments their proper place without destroying the balance of the whole. The soloists at Kensington were Mrs. Henschel, Madame Patey, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Watkin Mills, and at St. James's Hall, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Houghton and Plunket Greene. At the Albert Hall the programme also included a fine but seldom heard recitative and air "Misero, O sogno," superbly sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd, and choruses from *Die Zauberflöte* and the music to *König Thamos*, in both of which the choral-singing was excellent. At the beginning of the second part, an effusion in honour of Mozart was declaimed by Mr. Charles Fry, as to which it is only possible to commend the author's good intentions and to condole with the reciter who had to waste such good elocution on such lamentable lines. The Bach Choir coupled the "Requiem" with a performance of the latter part of the first act of Wagner's *Parsifal*, in which the parts of Gurnemanz and Titirel were taken by Mr. Plunket Greene, that of Amfortas by Mr. Henschel, and of Parsifal by Mr. Houghton. All three were extremely good, and Mr. Henschel in particular sang with real dramatic power. The chorus—which plays so important a part in the scene—was also excellent, though the effect would have been improved by the use of boys' voices, as directed in the score. Apart from an occasional uncertainty in the pronunciation of the words—which was noticeable also in the Latin text of the "Requiem"—the choral-singing was most creditable, and the difficulties of maintaining true intonation were successfully overcome in a manner which showed very careful rehearsal. To those who had heard *Parsifal* at Bayreuth the effect of the performance in a concert-room was probably disappointing. Apart from the absence of scenery and action—both of which are so important a means in producing the effect of the scene—the situation of the orchestra between the chorus and the soloists made a curious difference in the balance of the work. The bells, which at Bayreuth are placed in a gallery at the very extremity of the huge stage, were unavoidably brought close to the edge of the platform, so that they occasionally quite overpowered the band, instead of being heard as a mere distant chime. The orchestra, though conducted with great care and skill by Professor Stanford, was rather rough, and one or two bad slips were noticeable. In spite of these defects, the performance was, on the whole, extremely good, and evidently gave great satisfaction to the large audience which it attracted.

On the 4th instant Sir Charles Hallé gave his second Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall. The programme was full of interest, and the superb playing of the band was as marked as ever. Such a performance of the "Leonora No. 3" Overture has seldom, if ever, been heard in London. A charming Serenade in E flat by Saint-Saëns—an arrangement by the composer of an early work for strings, piano, and organ—had the merit of novelty; while Berlioz's wonderfully romantic *Romeo and Juliet* Symphony, only the instrumental portions of which were performed, showed the orchestral playing to its greatest advantage. At this concert Lady Hallé made her first appearance this season, playing the Adagio and Rondo from Vieuxtemps's Violin Concerto in E, Op. 11.

At the Monday Popular Concerts the chief event of interest has been the production, last Monday, of a new set of Vocal Quartetts with pianoforte accompaniment (Op. 112), by Johannes Brahms. The composer seems always most genial in this form of work, and the new quartetts are in every respect worthy to rank with the two sets of "Liebeslieder" and the "Gipsy Songs" which were heard a year ago. The new work consists of six numbers, the last four of which are settings of translations of Hungarian gipsy songs, by Hugo Conrat. At Monday's concert they were sung to perfection by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Fassett, and Mr. Shakespeare; they pleased the audience so much that four of them had to be repeated. The pianoforte accompaniments, which are of unusual importance, were admirably played by Mr. Bird. The concert also included Beethoven's string Quartett in E flat, Op. 74, a beautiful Adagio for violin and pianoforte by Mozart, Brahms's Sonata, Op. 38, for pianoforte and violoncello, and Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, for pianoforte solo. The pianist was Miss Adelina de Lara, whose delicate touch and general intelligence were best displayed in the quieter variations than in the more brilliant parts of the work. In the Finale she seemed unable to use sufficient strength to bring out the full tone of the instrument, but this is a deficiency hardly to be wondered at when so exacting a work is played by a young performer. Her playing of the 11th Etude produced a burst of applause, and the audience would have gladly exacted an encore, which Miss de Lara wisely declined.

Among the numerous minor concerts of the past fortnight,

mention may be made of the *début* of Mlle. Yrrac, a young Dutch violinist, who was heard at Princes' Hall, on the 10th. She has a powerful tone and broad style, and with experience should make a good artist. At present her playing wants individuality. She was most successful in an air and variations by Tartini, and in the Finale to one of Wieniawski's Violin Concertos. Mlle. Yrrac was assisted by Herr Schönberger—who gave a good performance of a Capriccio by Brahms—and by Mlle. Gherlsen, a soprano with a fine voice, which deserves better training than seems to have been bestowed upon it.

Concerts have also been given by the Westminster Orchestral Society, Mr. Orton Bradley (a Brahms Recital), Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse—all three on the 9th inst.; by Mlle. Douste de Fortia on the 15th, and by Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich on the 16th.

AN ELECTORAL PUZZLE.

I'M a simple-minded man,
With an artless little plan,
And, as frequently successful, I maintain it;
When I find a puzzling task,
Some one else I always ask
(Not invariably a p'liceman) to explain it.

But my system chiefly bears
On political affairs,
Long and carefully as I have ever scanned them;
For, although I do not mix
In Imperial politics,
I acknowledge that I like to understand them.

And no riddle seems to me
Quite so destitute of key,
Nor to any have I so desired to have it,
As to that enigma strange
Of the instant mental change
That a cudgel-rap effects in Mr. Davitt.

He had gone, as I had seen,
To encourage Mr. Keane,
But might well have hurried home again in dudgeon,
When, to Waterford his friend
As he strove to recommend,
He was hammered so severely with a bludgeon.

'Twas a cowardly attack,
'Twas a most ferocious crack,
And the victim has my unaffected pity
Yet I own I was perplexed
Upon hearing of him next
As a candidate, and standing for the city.

Can he possibly have said,
"You have hit me on the head
In the course of an electioneering visit,
So I think it clearly best
That your vote and interest
I should promptly but respectfully solicit.

"Had the blow been only slight
'Twould have struck me in the light
Of an intimated hint of your permission;
But a stroke so sharp and hard
I must certainly regard
As a highly influential requisition?"

Then there's Keane, who, I repeat,
Had been standing for the seat,
And who telegraphed "I hope they will elect you";
Which was rather far, you know,
For a candidate to go—
Even adding, as he added, "God protect you!"

Did he think that, when you find
A constituency's mind
Has in such decisive fashion undergone test,
With your own unbroken pate
You ought not to hesitate
In respectfully retiring from the contest?

Yet had Keane, too, got a rap
From some ill-conditioned chap,
Such as lighted on his Separatist brother—
Well, I cannot but suppose
That, if such a case arose,
They could neither then have yielded to the other.

REVIEWS.

HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE ARGYLLSHIRE HIGHLANDERS.*

WE cannot, though our will is good, compliment Mr. Goff on having made quite as good a book as he might out of the records of the 91st. Army officers are always interested, no doubt, in all that has happened to their regiment, and will read with pleasure quite insignificant details about its various stays in foreign parts or its amusements in garrison. Still, without committing ourselves to the opinion that such matters might be entirely omitted, we do think that they might be kept more subordinate than Mr. Goff has contrived to keep them. He need not have said quite so much about the movements of the regiment in the West Indies, in peace-time, or the horse-racing at St. Helena, or the picnic got up for the soldiers on the Acropolis at the end of the Crimea. We allow that the fortunes of the regiment put certain difficulties in the way of the historian. It had the bad luck to miss the fun of the fair no less than three times. In 1813 it was left with the 6th division at Medina de Pomar, while the battle of Vittoria was being fought. In 1815, again, it was employed to look after the Jemappe road to Brussels during Waterloo, and so missed the battle. Towards the close of the Crimea it was brought back from South Africa to serve in the East, but then again it was sent back to Athens. All this was the ill luck and not the fault of the gallant 91st. It could but go where it was sent; still Mr. Goff's book would have been more interesting if fortune had been kinder to his regiment. Much of its fighting has been in South Africa, with which it has been connected from our first capture of the Dutch colony down to the surrender of Cetewayo. It carries South Africa on its colours very properly, for its first services after it was raised in 1794, and its last before it was incorporated in 1881 with the Sutherlandshire Highlanders, were in that country. Now the Kaffir wars are full of adventure, but our experience is that they are horribly difficult to tell in a coherent and intelligible manner. This also, then, was against Mr. Goff.

But, though we have read more interesting regimental records than these, Mr. Goff has written an interesting book, and even at this time a valuable one. As it is quite new and will, no doubt, lie about on Club tables where it can be got without the slightest difficulty, it may possibly help some friends of ours, whose nerves are in a twitter, to calm themselves by the discovery that that which is in the British army now was also in it in its greatest days. On the very second page, for instance, they will learn that, when the regiment was raised by the Duke of Argyll in 1794, the limit of height was 5 ft. 4 in. and of age from 18 to 35. They had to put up with puny boys even in 1794, and we can imagine what an outcry there would be if we were reduced to enlisting men of over thirty. Yet the regiment did well. It was at its beginning much a family corps. No less than seventeen of its officers were Campbells, and four of them had the Christian name of Archibald. Later on when the regiment had been deprived of its kilt, it ceased to be more than nominally a Highland regiment. In 1845 it was mostly composed of Lowland Scotch—though as late as 1839 a squad of recruits had been drilled in Gaelic. At this period long service was justified of the 91st Regiment, for the average height of the men was 5 ft. 8 in., and though they candidly described themselves as "just a set o' drunken old (Pauld) deevils," they had learnt to carry their liquor well. With the spiritual pride of the Lowland Scot, they attributed their weakness for drink to the bad example of the people of St. Helena, where they had been long stationed. But even then this battalion was something of an exception. We had corps of young soldiers then, one of which was the reserve battalion of this very regiment. In 1842 it was sent out to join the first in South Africa, and had an adventure which came very near being as famous as the wreck of the *Birkenhead*. The *Abercrombie Robinson*, in which it sailed, ran ashore near Table Bay. The reserve battalion had been newly raised, and was composed entirely of young men. Mr. Goff records that two of the sergeants who behaved particularly well were under twenty-two years old, and had their wives with them, mere girls, whom they had married just before sailing. The battalion was safely landed in surf boats, but if there had been a panic they would have drowned to a man. Once on shore they deserted right and left, till a certain Captain Gordon took to hunting down the runaways with extraordinary activity and success. The wreck of the *Birkenhead* comes into Mr. Goff's story; for there was a draft of the 91st on board her. This event also has instruction in it of more kinds than one. It is said, and on general principles rightly, that a body of soldiers composed of detachments of different corps cannot be relied on to behave steadily. Yet the men of the *Birkenhead* were composed of drafts for different regiments—mere recruits the most part of them—and all the world knows how they behaved. After all, the great and good Sir John Falstaff was not far wrong when he said "Give me the spirit, Master Shallow." Also one of the great advantages of knowing a little

* *Historical Records of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, now the 1st Battalion Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherlandshire Highlanders. Containing an Account of the Formation of the Regiment in 1794, and its subsequent Services to 1881. Arranged by G. L. Goff, 91st Highlanders. London: Bentley. 1891.*

history is to teach you that a thing is not necessarily entirely unprecedented in this universe because you have never observed it before. The choppings and changings in the organization and uniform of the regiment also show that our War Office has never been long of one mind. Sometimes the 91st had a reserve battalion, and sometimes it had not. It had a kilt, and then it was clothed in crimson and gold, blue and white, shiny black leggings or Hessian boots, according to the gorgeous plate given by Mr. Goff opposite p. 78. Now it has got back to tartan, but only in the ignoble form of trews. It has also ceased to be the 91st at all, having undergone one of those changes which will drive the future historian of the British army to distraction.

NOVELS.*

TO write an indifferent novel of the tea-cup-and-saucer school is not a difficult achievement. Are we not, indeed, compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses to the fruitful facility of that task? But to write a novel which shall invest the sayings and doings of conventional characters with even a moderate amount of interest, except in the eyes of that large class of readers which accepts the novel of to-day merely because it is the novel of to-day, and is only disappointed when it takes up the novel of yesterday by mistake, is another thing altogether. We are, however, of opinion that the author of *The Ides of March* may be numbered among those who have successfully solved that problem. The characters move gently from tennis-net to tea-table and back again with a quite Robertsonian simplicity; and yet the writer contrives to sustain the interest of the story through three volumes, not one of which contains more padding than a proper regard for literary traditions would seem to require. The plot is as simple as well can be. An elderly gentleman of ancient lineage and antiquarian tastes is haunted by the fear that his only son will be the last of his race unless he marries before a certain date. Warned of this real or imaginary peril by an old rhyming prophecy which he has discovered, the good man is bent upon marrying his son to any girl who will have him before the fatal day arrives. Westmorland *fits*, Major in the army and misogynist by disposition, is more inclined to postpone marriage until the Greek Kalends than to celebrate it before the Ides of March, when fate introduces him to the girl who is supposed to have jilted his dearest friend with frightful atrocity. In order to fortify himself against the passion for Hope Merriem, which is rapidly getting the better of his contempt for her conduct, and at the same time to satisfy the soul of Westmorland *père*, the Major engages himself to another young person, to find, when too late, that the supposed jilt had only treated his friend according to his deserts. From this dilemma the Major is, of course, relieved with some ingenuity. Obviously the success of such a story depends wholly upon the teller's skill in the delineation of character, and in this case the characterization is distinctly clever. Major Westmorland in particular, if rather a ponderous personage, is a fine fellow, and, besides, deserves to be remembered as an exception to the mysterious rule by which officers of his rank are so seldom selected as heroes of romance or as models of virtue. The author of *The Ides of March* is to be congratulated upon this rehabilitation of the Major.

Mr. Dowling's new book, *A Baffling Quest*, is, in some respects, the very opposite of the novel we have just discussed. In Mr. Dowling's company we sup full with horrors, and we rather enjoy the bill of fare. There is no tennis, or tea and bread-and-butter here. Three fishers, who ought to have been sailing out into the West instead of reading the newspapers, are inspired by "a recent American case" with a desire to kidnap the body of some eminent person, lately deceased, and to extract a reward from the family in return for the restitution of the remains. Sir Andrew Brinfield, Bart., of Barnead Park, kindly obliges by opportunely dying—or appearing to die—and his body disappears mysteriously from the chamber of death. Mr. Dowling issues a writ of *habeas corpus*, and everybody sets to work to serve it upon the suspected persons. Now, Sir Andrew was not only a misanthropical recluse, but also an ardent vivisectionist, given to offering holocausts of rabbits upon the altar of science. One of the last things he did before he disappeared was to purchase, all unknown to his family, a fine young leopard. This beast, escaping from the laboratory, and appearing before the bereaved relatives, imbues the latter with a shrewd suspicion as to the temporary tomb of the unfortunate Sir Andrew. The leopard, however, after careering about the grounds and half killing the family solicitor in the shrubbery, hangs himself with a clothes line, or some such convenient cord, dies without making any confession, and leaves the baffling quest as baffling as before. The reader will pursue the suspected fishermen, under Mr.

Dowling's guidance, through some exciting chapters until he discovers what the secret is. For love-making there is little space; but it is satisfactory to know that Sir Andrew returns to life in time to bless his daughter's union with a young man who certainly would not have found time to propose to her if he had not done so before he started on the baffling quest. Were it not for a certain feeling of disappointment at the failure of the leopard to exemplify the irony of fate by swallowing the vivisectionist Sir Andrew, we should offer little criticism of Mr. Dowling's story, except to suggest that he might with advantage have excised a certain amount of conversational superfluity. The excellent member of the Incorporated Law Society who goes so near to being struck off the rolls by the paw of the leopard is specially afflicted with a very grievous garrulity.

If Mr. Dowling has let slip an opportunity of punishing the vivisectionist ardour of his scientific Baronet, the brute creation is nobly avenged by the pen of Lady Gertrude Stock. *A Wasted Life and Marr'd* is marred and wasted entirely through the unfortunate behaviour of the heroine's husband—also a Baronet—to the lady's favourite dog. That not inconsiderable portion of the public which appears to think that a dog is of far more consequence than a man will, doubtless, take it quite as a matter of course that a young wife should shoot her husband dead merely because he had shot her dog. In a country where people had been preventing cruelty to animals for many years before they thought of preventing cruelty to children such a proceeding certainly seems strictly logical. Nevertheless this particular application of the *lex talionis* strikes one, somehow, as slightly disproportionate to the offence which caused it. Any one who may care to decide the merits of the case *en connaissance de cause* will be in a position to do so if he will read Lady Gertrude Stock's three volumes. He will encounter numerous very old friends by the way, and these meetings will, perhaps, cheer him on his pilgrimage. For the rest, it may not be out of place to recall for his benefit the remark which was once made, touching the great work of the poet Spenser, that "very few and very weary are they who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast." One fears it may be even so in the case of that dog. There are, however, occasional oases in the desert wherein the reader may rest in the shadow of great truths—as, for instance, where he is reminded that "a weeping child is never an alluring object, and a child's voice lifted up in the distress of temper is always more or less irritating to an impatient man." It is not, one must admit, to be denied that this book ought to be very widely read if there be any truth in the dictum that the novel-reading public merely tolerate description, but imperiously demand dialogue. For of the latter there is, indeed, enough and to spare in these volumes; dialogue which "might, 'odsboots, Sir, in judicious hands, extend from here to Mesopotamy." But, then, the public are said to like that sort of thing, and, certainly, its absence would be fatal to a great national industry. For how could the average novelist fill three volumes without an unlimited supply of inverted commas?

The Three Boots is a story which will scarcely, we fear, commend itself even to the least critical public opinion, for it is about as bald and barren a tale as any that has been offered to the public for some time. The writer would seem (at least the internal evidence of his book suggests the hypothesis) to have first hit upon a title at haphazard, and then, by an inversion of the natural process, to have set to work to think of a meaning for it, and to concoct a tale for the elucidation thereof. As a matter of fact, he might just as well have called his story by any other name, and by any other name it would have been equally uninteresting. A young lady and her mother, who have seen better days, as folk say, have a mysterious lodger in their house at Islington. This gentleman wears three boots—at least he always puts three outside his bedroom door—to the astonishment of the household. In the result the mysterious personage, whom one is led to believe to be no other than the Fiend himself, turns out to be merely an amiable foreigner in love with the good lady's daughter, and given to wearing odd boots of an evening, by reason of a sore toe—a lame and impotent conclusion in every sense of the term.

Very different reading is Mr. Henry Herman's bright little American story, *His Angel*. The fine old frontiersman Daniel Kershaw, who, having made his pile, comes to New York with his adopted daughter, the child of a man whose well-merited lynching he personally superintended years before, is, we are told, a study from life. At all events, Mr. Herman's presentment of him is a fine bit of characterization, fresh and racy of the soil, and one which should hold its place in the reader's memory long after the details of the story have been forgotten. Good, too, though not so good, is "Cheeseface Mike," the disreputable father of a rising young journalist who has saved Kershaw's life in a railway accident, and is to marry his adopted daughter. Mike Turner is, in fact, a sort of a Transatlantic variety of that capital scoundrel James Carey, whom Mr. Besant introduced to us a few years ago in his *Children of Gibeon*. The book is excellent reading from first to last, though there is nothing in it, perhaps, so good as the opening scene, wherein the little girl of three, looking up at her own rascally parent's corpse swinging from an oak before his own door, innocently inquires, "What daddie doin' thar? Me want daddie tome down." Altogether a pretty little book.

* *The Ides of March*. By G. M. Robins. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

A Baffling Quest. By Richard Dowling. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

A Wasted Life and Marr'd. By Lady Gertrude Stock. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

The Three Boots. By William H. Stacpoole. 1 vol. London: Dean & Son.

His Angel. By Henry Herman. 1 vol. London, New York, and Melbourne: Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.

MR. ROBINSON has already earned a solid title to our gratitude by his discovery of a great part of the long-lost *Apology of Aristides*, embedded in the *Life of Barlaam and Josaphat*. The second number of his *Texts and Studies* (1), though not so sensational as the first, is of high value, and throws a flood of light on two most interesting documents of the early African Church, the *Passion of St. Perpetua* and the *Acts of the Scillitan Martyrs*. The first of these has long been prized as the very gem of martyr literature. Many of our readers, probably, are familiar with the sweet girl-matron—she was but twenty-two—who wrote for us with her own hand that inimitable picture of her distresses, and her visions, and her gentle constancy. It was she who, when she was permitted to suckle her baby in the dungeon, forgot all the horrors of that dismal place; “the prison,” she says, “became to me a palace, so that I would rather be there than anywhere else.” The Martyrdom was known to us only in a Latin form till last year, when Mr. Randall Harris discovered it in a Greek MS. in the Library of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Immediately the question arose whether the Latin or the Greek was the original, and upon this hinged a further point of great interest, which language was spoken by the Christians of the province of Africa? It is at this stage of the debate that Mr. Robinson comes upon the scene. He has revised carefully the MS. evidence, and now prints side by side the Greek and Latin texts with all the necessary critical and explanatory apparatus, showing, beyond a doubt, that the Greek is a translation of the Latin. The chief and incontrovertible argument for this conclusion is that, whereas in the Latin the narratives of Perpetua and Saturus have a distinctly marked style of their own, very different from the style of the brother by whom the introduction and conclusion were added, in the Greek all these personal notes disappear, and the whole piece becomes uniform from the first line to the last. By the aid of the Greek version it has been found possible to make some improvements in the text of the Latin original, though the gain in this direction is not so great as might have been hoped. We wish Mr. Robinson could have found sufficient reason for altering the word *comminabantur* in chapter xviii. It is rather painful to think of Revocatus and his brethren “threatening” the spectators as they marched along to their death, and the Greek affords some grounds for thinking that what they really did was to “exhort” the lookers-on to repentance. Mr. Robinson makes it probable that Perpetua and her fellow-sufferers belonged not to Therbarbo, but to Carthage, and cherishes a pious opinion, which we need not attempt to disturb, that the editor of the Acts was no less a personage than Tertullian. The *Acts of the Scillitan Martyrs*, a short, matter-of-fact, but very precious record of the examination and execution of another group of African Christians, raises again precisely the same difficulty as the document of which we have just been speaking. Mr. Robinson has been fortunate enough to lay his hands upon a MS. in the British Museum which makes it pretty clear that in this case also the Latin is the original. The new evidence finally settles the date of the martyrdom, which was 180 A.D., as suggested by Renier and practically demonstrated by Osener. Thus vanishes all reason for supposing that Greek was the official language of the African Church. Mr. Robinson carries us a step further, and shows that the quotations in the famous Greek epistle of the chronicles Vienna and Lyons imply the use of a Latin Bible. Some day we hope he will go fully into the question of the use of Greek in the Western Church. Meantime we congratulate him on the success of his voyages of discovery. Mr. Robinson certainly possesses the happy knack of finding, and we look forward with raised expectation to the results of his next trip into chaos.

A third part of the same series consists of a treatise by Mr. F. H. Chase on *The Lord's Prayer in the Early Church* (2). The title has a popular and attractive ring, and it is only fair to remark that Mr. Chase's disquisition is intended for those who like their reading, as some like their sherry, very sound but very dry. The object of the author is to trace through MSS., Versions, Fathers, and Liturgies every known or suspected variation in the Lord's Prayer. The most interesting part of the work is the attempt to prove that the mysterious word *ἐπιούριος* does not really belong to the original prayer. Mr. Chase's view is that the prayer at first existed only in Aramaic; that in Aramaic churches two forms of the petition in question were allowed, one for morning service, “Give to us our bread of the day,” and one for evening service, “Give to us our bread of the coming day”; that the word *ἐπιούριος* was coined to translate the evening formula, but, being equally applicable to the morning (for in Greek *ἡ ἐπιούρια ἡμέρα* might mean “the day that is beginning,” as well as “the day that is coming,” or “to-morrow”), very soon came to be a fixed part of the prayer in its Greek shape. Mr. Robinson contributes an interesting suggestion that the place where our Lord taught the prayer, as recorded in St. Luke's Gospel, was really the Garden of Gethsemane. Mr. Chase's essay will commend itself to those scholars who are endeavouring

to solve the synoptic problem on the hypothesis of an original Syriac Gospel. It throws some light also upon another very important possibility, that of a period of fluidity in the Gospel text, extending down to the first authoritative revision, whenever that took place.

The *Literature of the Second Century* (3) is a book to be warmly recommended. It contains six Lectures on Christian Evidences originally delivered before a popular audience at Alexandra College, Dublin. The “popular” seems to have consisted chiefly of young ladies, who, as the University Extension managers are only too well aware, get nowadays the first pick of lecturers and lectures. The present series of addresses is the work of three distinguished members of Trinity College—Canon Wynne, Mr. Bernard, and Professor Hemphill. All three know what plain folks want to know, and can put it in a way that plain folks can understand. Their points are admirably selected, and worked out with a light and sure touch. Dr. Wynne treats of the literature of the sub-apostolic age and the development of the Canons. Mr. Bernard writes upon the Apocryphal Gospels and the miraculous in early Christian literature; and Professor Hemphill brings up the rear with two discourses on Tatian's *Diatessaron* and on the earliest traces of the use of the four Gospels. Each writer contributes a couple of papers, and the first paper of each couple could hardly be bettered. Probably most readers will give the palm to Mr. Bernard's account of the Apocryphal Gospels. It abounds in historical interest, for these Gospels are the source of many familiar and beautiful legends, and it supplies a cogent argument in support of the canonical Evangelists. No man, it has often been said, could have invented the picture of the Christ. To this Mr. Bernard adds that no man, since the Four, has been able to touch that picture without debasing it.

Order and Growth (4) is the title of a pithy little volume in which Mr. Llewelyn Davies publishes, and to some extent expands, the Hulsean Lectures delivered by him at Cambridge in 1890. The five discourses treat of the social and scientific movements of the time regarded from the Christian point of view; the ideal unity of mankind in the universal Church, the civil order of human society, justice, and progress. The book abounds in keen reasoning and shrewd observation, and is written in the coolly accurate style of a philosophic treatise. The most interesting paper is that on Justice, which in conclusion, and to some extent even in plan, reminds the reader of the *Republic* of Plato. Justice is not equality, is not law, is not a compromise between conflicting greedinesses, but is “essentially the order in which the Maker constitutes the civil groups of men.” Where Mr. Davies would differ from Plato is in regarding the social order of any particular moment as merely a step towards something better than the best that has yet been realized. Plato again supplies Mr. Davies with a definition of the unity of the Church, but here the result is not so satisfactory. If we rightly gather the meaning, it is that the unity of the Church, as preached by St. Paul, is unity of idea. The Church in heaven, the pattern in the mount, is the One of which the many phenomenal Churches are all more or less imperfect copies. The unity is unity of type, such as subsists between two tigers which are tearing one another in pieces. Indeed it is to cover a state of things in which Christians are biting and devouring one another that this curious subtlety is brought in. Nothing surely could be further from the intention of St. Paul. The Apostle meant that here on earth there should be one Church and not two, partly because truth is one, and partly because if there are two Churches, they must necessarily fight.

John Juvenal Ancina (5), whose beatification was solemnized in the February of last year, sprang from Spanish ancestors, was born in Piedmont in 1545, and died Bishop of Salazzo in Savoy in 1604. He was a man of considerable and varied attainments, who for some time practised as a physician, but, being strongly drawn to a purely religious life, entered the Congregation of the Oratory under the guidance of Filippo Neri, and became one of its brightest luminaries. In the present volume, edited by Father Bowden, we have a charming picture of a saintly life. As is too often the case, little attention has been paid to the background. The author has not thought it necessary to describe with any fulness the times in which Ancina lived, though constant allusions to the “poison of heretics” and the names of Francis of Sales, Federigo Borromeo, Baronius, and Neri remind us that they were the times of the Counter-Reformation. Nor do we gather much more about Ancina himself than that he was an ideal ecclesiastic of the Spanish-Italian type. There are just one or two anecdotes that have a human flavour about them. On one occasion, when listening to a preacher, who turned aside from his proper business to expound some point of Greek grammar, Ancina broke out, “O God! souls are pouring in troops into hell, and there thou stayest all day long with thy *epistola iota*.” There are many sermon-writers who might make a note of this with advantage. Ancina was poisoned at a feast by

(1) *Texts and Studies*. Edited by J. Armitage Robinson, B.D., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Vol. I. No. 2.—*The Passion of St. Perpetua*. With an Appendix on *The Scillitan Martyrdom* by the Editor. Cambridge: at the University Press.

(2) *Texts and Studies*. Vol. I. No. 3.—*The Lord's Prayer in the Early Church*. By F. H. Chase, B.D. Cambridge: at the University Press.

(3) *The Literature of the Second Century*. By F. R. Wynne, D.D., J. H. Bernard, B.D., and S. Hemphill, B.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

(4) *Order and Growth*. By the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen, Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

(5) *Blessed Juvenal Ancina*. Edited by C. H. Bowden, Priest of the Oratory. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1891.

a profligate monk whom he had visited with censures. What a strange hotbed was that Church, in that country and time, when the vilest weeds and the most delicate spiritual exotics grew side by side!

The new volume of the "Expositor's Bible," the *Acts of the Apostles* (6), by Dr. G. T. Stokes, is full of interest. It is discursive to a degree, and deals, often at some length, with every subject that can be linked on, by however slender a connexion, to the text. Penny Savings Banks, Hypnotism, and Sunday Schools, all come in. Dr. Stokes seems to take the Book of Acts in his hand, and chat away about it, pouring out in an easy stream all his experience as a parish priest, and all his learning as a professor, all his likings and all his dislikes. The dislikes include Dissenters, on whom there is many a shrewd, but never an unkindly, remark. The result of this expansiveness is that Dr. Stokes does not get beyond the first eight chapters. There is, however, a natural break in the Acts at this point, where the great onward rush of mission-work begins, and Dr. Stokes gains a certain unity for his volume by confining his attention to the state of the Church in the earliest days of all, before it flew from the nest. It is a period about which we have little detailed information. We are obliged, on many important points, to argue back from what we know to have been true very shortly afterwards, a fact which has enabled the lovers of chimeras to fill the half darkness with some very strange shapes. Dr. Stokes has something of value to say upon all these debatable matters. The early date of the Acts he confirms by reference to the lately discovered *Apology of Aristides*. "The philosophical argument of Aristides, which is followed by Justin Martyr and the later apologists, when contrasted with the simplicity of St. Paul, is a conclusive proof of the early date of the composition of the Acts." The same document, which Dr. Stokes assigns, in deference to Eusebius, to the reign of Hadrian and the year 124, affords the outline of the Apostles' Creed, and this witness and that of the *Didaché* justify Dr. Stokes in maintaining that baptism "in the name of the Lord" was really and truly baptism "in the name of the Trinity," and nothing else. The communism of the early Church is treated as an essay of mistaken zeal, due to the belief of the immediate return of the Lord to judgment, and the Gift of Tongues was "a real gift of speaking in foreign languages granted to the Apostles to be used as occasion required when preaching the Gospel in heathen lands." One or two points we should like to discuss with Dr. Stokes if space allowed. It is surely not proven that the *De Aleatoribus* was written by Pope Victor. The books which the martyrs of Scillita had in their caves were not only "the Epistles of that holy man Paul," but "books and the Epistles of Paul." The "books" were surely the Gospels. These matters and some others we can leave on one side, as more than compensated for by the excellence of the general work. But why, oh why, does Dr. Stokes speak of John Wesley as "teaching his pupils in Oxford College"? What has poor Oxford done to deserve this flout from a Professor of History in Dublin College?

The *Apostolic Fathers* (7) is a book that will be very welcome to students. It gives in one handsome volume texts, introductions, and translations. The introductions are the work of Lightfoot; the translations and text are mainly the Bishop's, but in part are due to Mr. Harmer, his chaplain and collaborateur. Mr. Harmer appears to have acquitted himself of a difficult task with great care and fine critical skill.

The *Cambridge Bible* is continued by Mr. Findlay (*The Epistle to the Thessalonians*) (8) and Professor Lumby (*2 Kings*) (9), the former volume belonging to the larger, the latter to the smaller, series. Mr. Findlay would have done well to omit his appendix on Antichrist. Otherwise both volumes are of the usual workmanlike type.

Dr. Stewart's *Handbook of Christian Evidences* is an excellent sixpennyworth. It contains a condensed, well-proportioned, and very clear view of the whole subject. The author has quite succeeded in his aim of making the topics discussed intelligible and interesting to all earnest minds.

The *Genealogy of Jesus of Nazareth*, by Lewis Abramowitch (Sydney: Loxton & Co.), in a tiny pamphlet, price fifteenpence, is full of curious Talmudic lore. The author considers that the one genealogy represents the line of Mary, the other that of Joseph. *Household Prayers*, with preface by the late Bishop Wilberforce, sixth edition (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh), may be commended to those in search

of a manual of this kind. *The Path towards Knowledge* (London: Methuen & Co.), by Dr. Cunningham, Vicar of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, and Professor of Economic Science and Statistics in King's College, London, treats mainly of social questions—marriage, money, education, and the like—regarded from a religious point of view. *The Second Prayer Book of King Edward VI.* (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh) forms a handy, well-printed volume; *The Book of Psalms* (London: Religious Tract Society) gives the Authorized Version of the Psalms, printed in parallelisms, with an introduction and a few simple notes. It appears to be well suited for devotional reading.

Sermons on our list are *Sermons on Special Occasions*, by Bishop Lightfoot (London: Macmillan & Co.); *Sermons on the Old Testament*, by Canon Liddon (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.), and *Words of Peace*, by the late Rev. W. F. Hamilton (London: Allen & Co., Limited).

We have received also *Outlooks from the New Standpoint*, by E. Belfort Bax (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Agnosticism Found Wanting*, by J. W. Morden (London: Elliott Stock); *The Esoteric Basis of Christianity*, by William Kingsland (London: Theosophical Publishing Society); *The God and the Religion of Science and the Bible*, by "Esegar," M.A., Dunelm (London: Melville, Mullen, & Slade); *Life Renewed*, a manual for convalescents, by M. E. Granger (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *What Catholics Believe and Do*, by the Rev. A. Ritchie (New York: published by the Guild of St. Ignatius); *A Nun, her Friends, and her Order*, a sketch of the Life of Mother Mary X. Fallon, by Katharine Tynan (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *How to Mark your Bible*, by Mrs. Stephen Menzies (London: Partridge & Co.); *Natural Theology*, by Bernard Boedder, S. J. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Biblical Illustrator—St John*, vol. ii., by the Rev. J. S. Exell (London: Nisbet & Co.); and the second volume of the *Expository Times* (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark), containing, amongst other things, three elaborate and highly speculative papers by Canon Cheyne, on possible Zoroastrian influences over the religion of Israel.

GUNS AND SHOOTING.*

A COMPLETE back somersault simultaneous with the pull of the trigger, the author relates as his first experience of shooting with a sporting gun of modern days. The young sportsman of to-day will find a complete back somersault a rather difficult feat of athletics to perform without the aid of a loaded shot-gun carefully applied to the shoulder. However, this is a very good way of doing it, and he will soon recover, and collect some most valuable thoughts not readily to be forgotten. The gun will be still his fondest toy, and he will take it home carefully without having anything more to do with the trigger for that day. If destined to become a good shot and a sportsman, he will not leave his gun in its corner long. It will be taken up and aimed at something, or perhaps the parlourmaid; which again leads the young sportsman into more trouble and pain, and more valuable thoughts, such as "Never aim again at anything but that it is intended to kill." The head-keeper or his father will then hand him a cartridge, and send him off alone. A firm footing and the trunk of a tree will prevent any somersault at the first discharge on this occasion, and confidence alone the second. He will then have conquered the gun, and the more shots he fires the nearer he will come to the attainments of "Purple Heather," of which he boasts not, but which readers of *Guns and Shooting* will know to be his. Joe Manton's small-bore muzzle-loaders were favourites with him, and he brings their shooting powers up high on the list of trials even with the best of modern guns, and there remains no room for doubt that the barrels of these now obsolete old guns were turned out with the utmost care and pains. The demand for guns was less, and in proportion the prices were higher, and more of the most expensive guns were sold in comparison to the cheap ones. Guns are now to be obtained at from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 60 guineas, and the average price could be put as low as 12*l.* The table given at the end of note 111 in *Guns and Shooting* shows the performance of a good gun, and this can be taken as a pattern for the sportsman who is about to order a gun and wishes to shoot brilliantly. "Purple Heather" gives the best advice, and his experiences have been well put to the test. Only the best, and consequently only the most expensive, guns are ever to be used by the crack shot, who misses nothing that comes within killing distance, and which can be seen for the time required for the gun to be thrown quickly to the shoulder and fired—all in one movement as it seems to be—the head being kept perfectly erect and both eyes open following the moving object keenly. As soon as the gun reaches the shoulder it is discharged. Such are the movements of the brilliant shot in the field. He will not handle a gun without perfect balance. His hand and eye trained to align the gun built under his own supervision, the fit is exact, the balance trimmed to an ounce. This is the game gun. In pigeon-shooting a slightly different build is required. Heavier charges and more metal in the barrels, consequently more weight in the stock. Balance, again, must be absolutely perfect and the

* *Something about Guns and Shooting.* By "Purple Heather." London: Alexander & Shephard.

(6) *The Acts of the Apostles.* By the Rev. G. T. Stokes, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Dublin, and Vicar of All Saints', Blackrock. (Expositor's Bible.) London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

(7) *The Apostolic Fathers.* Revised Texts, with short Introductions and English Translations, by the late J. B. Lightfoot, Lord Bishop of Durham. Edited and completed by J. R. Harmer, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, sometime Chaplain to the Bishop. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

(8) *The Epistles to the Thessalonians.* Edited by the Rev. G. G. Findlay, M.A., Professor of Biblical Languages in the Wesleyan College, Headingley. (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.) Cambridge: at the University Press. 1891.

(9) *The Second Book of Kings.* By the Rev. J. R. Lumby, D.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity. (Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools.) Cambridge: at the University Press. 1891.

(10) *Handbook of Christian Evidences.* By Alexander Stewart, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the University of Aberdeen. London: Adam & Charles Black.

bend less. The gun is required to come on the trap the instant the word "pull" is delivered, which should be as near as possible the same moment as the trap falls. Here now the barrels are required to "cock up." That is to say, to throw the shot a trifle higher than the alignment taken, which is on the trap. Thus it is found the shot smothered the bird about a yard and a half from the trap, the aim being on the trap the instant it falls. Such a gun, making a good pattern and good penetration at thirty-one yards, guided by quick hands, keen eyes, and a cool head, should with three yards better handicap pay its owner's way very well.

To return to "Purple Heather's" favourite old muzzle-loaders, he gives as an example a performance by Captain Ross in 1828, on which occasion 79 pigeons were killed out of 80 at a distance of thirty yards from the trap. It is not suggested that "Purple Heather" wishes to hold the old muzzle-loader one degree higher on the scale of superiority to the modern gun, for he is too experienced to allow such an absurdity. The performance is not a very wonderful one. The shot charge was not limited by any rule in pigeon-shooting as it now is to one and a quarter ounces. The pigeons are not mentioned as having been Blue Rocks, nor were they trained birds. The black sporting powder of 1828 was as powerful an explosive for sporting purposes as any of the nitro-compounds of to-day. Indeed, it is very much used in the second barrel at pigeon-shooting competitions at this time, for it is found to give better penetration than the white powders. The disadvantages hanging to the old-fashioned powder are too well known for description here, and it is rarely used in the field when smart clean work is to be done. The pigeon-shooting performance referred to was a splendid feat of nerve and skill on Captain Ross's part, but was totally eclipsed on August 30, 1888, by Lord Walsingham's bag of 1,058 driven grouse. The intervening sixty years between these two performances shows us plainly the improvement in firearms, and how the solid nerves of English sportsmen have weathered the storm of battues. A large battue is indeed a sore trial of nerve, and the best health is here shown to be the best foundation for good shooting, for without good nerve and coolness no good shooting can be performed. In respect to all feats of skill, and as much to shooting as any other, is a certain amount of physical training necessary. Strong drinks and late hours must be abandoned. Smoking after a certain hour at night must also be left off. The last hour, the last pipe, and the last drink in the billiard or smoking room is usually the cause of the disgraceful performances to be seen in the shooting field. The best shots know the cause and say nothing. The man above the average shot wonders and makes excuses, such as, "Hanged if I can see anything to-day!" "Never had such a shocking lot of cartridges in my life!" It is not laid down as a rule that late hours and the usual accompaniments spoil good shooting, but they are the cause of very bad shooting, and if continued will bring the good shot back on a level with the average shot, who is a bad shot. The eye requires rest, without which it becomes dull and sluggish, and the atmosphere of tobacco smoke tends to aggravate such faults which are found to effect shooting. If late hours have to be kept at night, to bathe the eyes in cold water on retiring to bed will be found a valuable prescription. "Purple Heather's" little book, *Something about Guns and Shooting*, deals very little with shooting, but very ably with the gun, although he may well have gone into more detail as to the process of manufacture of the weapon now so beautifully brought out, which he is evidently so well able to handle. The arrangement of beats, shooting etiquette, and many other little details not sufficiently studied at most shooting establishments, "Purple Heather" may well bring into another little volume.

THE SUPERNATURAL?*

MYSTERY is the mental element of so large a number of persons, and of perfectly sane persons, we must add, notwithstanding Dr. Weatherly's respectful deference to the "common-sensed mind," as a kind of court of final appeal, that a volume devoted to the exposition of dreams, ghosts, Spiritualism, and all kinds of occultism is assured of a wide circle of readers. Messrs. Weatherly and Maskelyne have produced a book that is in many ways interesting, yet by no means so admirable and convincing as it might and should have been. Their design, evidently, was to provide a corrective of certain popular beliefs. The very title hints of a rational scepticism. Such being their aim, it is not a little strange that every care has not been observed to free their book from errors. Dr. Weatherly says in his preface that he is deeply read in the literature of the subject he treats. It is clear enough, however, that his extensive studies are neither exhibited to advantage in his illustrations of his subject, nor have they developed in him the faculty of accurate and vigorous writing. His portion in the present volume is somewhat slovenly as to arrangement, and decidedly undistinguished as to style. As to more palpable errors, they are, it must be admitted, peculiarly disconcerting when found in the work of hard-headed men of science. Mr. Maskelyne, indeed, in his section of the book, deals with Indian jugglery, Spiritualism, and the Theosophy of the late

Madame Blavatsky, as one who is master of his theme, and knows how to present his case with excellent force and effect. Yet even Mr. Maskelyne has not altogether avoided the slipshod example of Dr. Weatherly. Referring, for instance, to the exposure of the impostor Slade by Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin, Mr. Maskelyne writes of "the late Dr. Donkin," while, we rejoice to know, Dr. Donkin is alive. At page 103 Dr. Weatherly begins a paragraph with "Newton Crossland in her work on *Apparitions*," &c. Now, it is evident from this that he must have regarded Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crossland as one person, or he is under the impression that "Newton Crossland" was a lady, married or single, and, without troubling to ascertain the truth, the customary "Miss" or "Mrs." was omitted. At p. 235 "the poet Shelley" is referred to as "gliding by moonlight into Medway's dormitory." This "Medway" should, of course, be "Medwin." On the next page we have the ridiculous blunder of "John Williams" for "E. E. Williams." It is a pleasure to pass from these proofs of carelessness to the illustrations, some of which are new, and some, like the amusing "Shooting a Ghost" and "Witchery at Woodstock," by "Phiz," are derived from other books. Mr. Maskelyne's contribution is capably illustrated by Mr. T. C. Nunn, and some of the drawings by Dr. Aveline cleverly exemplify that union of burlesque humour and the grotesque which accords with the spirit of the book.

Like Sir Thomas Browne, who begins his confession of faith by excepting himself from "the general scandal" of his profession, Dr. Weatherly disclaims at the outset the position of a "professed sceptic" with regard to the supernatural. He would not be thought capable of trifling with "beliefs cherished by the wisest, with feelings sanctified by the noblest," or, in other words, Dr. Weatherly declines to extend his argument for the "natural causation" of apparitions, visions, &c., in all its bearings, to the fundamental doctrines of religious belief, such as miracles, ghosts, the immortality of the soul, and so forth. This, no doubt, was the wiser course to pursue, if only because the writer's illustrations of his subject are, almost without exception, easily proven instances of illusion or hallucination in persons suffering from mental or physical disease, or temporary functional disorders. There is a sort of "common-sensed mind" that cannot conceive any other cases than these. But a person of this mind, insensible to the mystery of life and the limitless scope of the unknown, might as justly be ruled out of court as a person whose nervous system is in a condition of hyperæsthesia. Irrational scepticism is to the full as pitiable and debasing as irrational faith. To such a person, judging all things in heaven and earth through the narrow experience of his own senses, what significance can there be in the term "natural causation"? Dr. Weatherly, not being an irrational sceptic, acknowledges that "there must be much that we can only at present class under the heading of 'the unknown.'" It is a pity, therefore, that he should have treated the subject so disproportionately from the "mad doctor" point of view, and, generally throughout the book, from the standpoint of a doctor in medicine. The illusions of lunatics, fever patients, opium-smokers, and other narcotized persons, scarcely need the illustration they receive. Then, too, illusions caused by atmospheric vapours, and that well-represented class of *disceptio visus* due to visible and tangible objects, are unworthy of any but a passing notice. There are other and far more interesting phenomena, such as the apparitions of the dead or living to perfectly sane persons in the light of day, or the prevalence of "second sight" in certain races and families, which we could have wished less scantily treated than they are by Dr. Weatherly. Under the four sectional headings of "Sane Sense Deceptions," "Doubtful Cases of Sane Deceptions," "Insane Sense Deceptions," and "Sense Deceptions caused by Fever, &c.," Dr. Weatherly deals with the phenomena of dreams, apparitions, illusions, and hallucinations, referring all alike to "natural causation." The non-superstitious person, though he be highly endowed with creative imagination, may well accept the solution, with the important reservation of his own interpretation of "natural causation." With him "natural causation" is unlimited. It operates beyond the sphere of his experience, in worlds unrealized. Thus for him there cannot be "supernatural causation." With Dr. Weatherly, however, "natural causation" is limited, and its bounds are determined by knowledge, education, experience, reason, and that final product of the reasoning process which we call judgment. Reid's arbitrary identification of reason and judgment, by the way, is a pernicious fallacy. The common-sensed person, gifted with reason, is not necessarily a good judge. He may be a good logician, an excellent reasoner, yet in judgment frail and untrustworthy. The tales of mystery cited by Dr. Weatherly are, unfortunately, not a kind that can exercise very severely the reason or judgment of anybody.

It will be observed that Dr. Weatherly invariably uses the term "sense deceptions." He derives ideas from perception, and "true perception" from one of the five special senses. Obviously, therefore, he admits that there must be false perceptions, or illusions, apparently also due to the senses, since he invariably speaks of "sense deceptions," of the sane and the insane. Hallucinations or illusions, the deception of internal origin as well as that of external origin, must therefore be accounted false perceptions. But, despite his use of the phrase "sense deception," Dr. Weatherly cites cases in disproof of Brewster's theory "that sense organ is always involved in hallucination"—which, by the way, we are also convinced is not the truth. Thus he writes of Beethoven:—"During the last years of his life Beethoven be-

* *The Supernatural?* By Lionel A. Weatherly, M.D. With Chapter on Oriental Magic, Spiritualism, and Theosophy. By J. N. Maskelyne. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Ltd. 1891.

came absolutely deaf, but he heard his compositions as distinctly as when he had actually listened to them." This is an unhappy illustration. There can be no doubt that every one of the great composers, from Haydn to Berlioz, had he suffered from deafness towards the close of his life, could have "heard" his music as he read his score, or followed the movements of the conductor and executants. Where, then, is the false perception, the hallucination? We can supply a very different example, and one, we believe, that has never previously been recorded. Long before the discovery of Australia—at the close of the sixteenth century, in fact—an artist figured, in a scheme of decoration, the kangaroo—a "conventionalized" kangaroo, no doubt, yet a very recognizable and fairly accurate presentment of the animal. Now, this was truly an instance of perception not derived from the visual organ, let materialists say what they will. Again, wherein lies the "natural causation" of those unbidden intimations of immortality or of an ante-natal state that have visited the childhood of poets? Dr. Weatherly ignores these and similar phenomena, though they are of the very root and heart of the subject. His short way with genuine visionaries, like Blake and Shelley and Swedenborg—though Shelley's and Joan of Arc's are catalogued as "doubtful" sense deceptions, we observe—is as unsatisfactory as his gallery of ghostly examples. His ghost stories are somewhat trivial and threadbare. There are the cases of Lord Lyttelton and Sir Edmund Hornby, and that of the man who was affrighted by the reflection of himself in a mirror by midnight as Heine was—a capital instance, by the way, of the subjectivity of the object. But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time from fear, but not for ghosts. So, at least, Dr. Weatherly would have us think, or he would have provided more "creeping" examples. On the subject of "Dreams" he is equally disenchanting. "In sleep," remarks the author, "the moral sense is often suspended, and our whole character is altered," and he proceeds to observe that the stony-hearted dreamer sees himself a humane person, the meek one becomes violent and arrogant; in short, a topsy-turvy burlesque of the truth is common to such dreams. We do not dispute that this may be true of dreamers suffering from indigestion or physical disorder. But it is absolutely false with regard to another and more ethereal kind of dreaming of oneself, wherein the dreamer sees himself as he is, immaterialized, the true, the transcendental Ego, and entirely disembodyed of the empirical Ego. And, what is more, he acknowledges the truth and justice of the searching self-vision, even in his dream, however damning it may be of his other Ego. On this subject there is some profound and moving discourse in Du Prel's *Philosophie der Mystik*, the most recent and important of German works on dreams, which we cordially commend to Dr. Weatherly.

Mr. Maskelyne treats, with his customary geniality, of the deceptions of the easy credulous, the folk who meet fraud halfway by their own gift of self-delusion, who possess by nature that passion for the marvellous that

Makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions.

Of "Modern Superstition" Mr. Maskelyne writes with the power of conviction that comes of long experience, successful competition, and equally successful exposure. His demonstration of the tricks of the renowned Slade, the brothers Davenport, Miss Annie Eva Fay, the admirable Eglinton—who deceived, it is said, the very elect, even Mr. Gladstone—and sundry other impostors, is exceedingly cheering and entertaining. The famous Seybert Commission, over which Mr. H. H. Furness presided, published a very interesting Report upon Spiritualism, upon which Mr. Maskelyne comments in a delightful fashion. As to Eastern jugglers, does he not expose the whole bag of tricks, from the "basket" to the "Mango tree"? There is, by the way, a third, and a better way than any, of making the Mango sprout, a way that obviates the necessity for "pockets" in the covering cloth of the performer. But the two styles described by Mr. Maskelyne are well enough for the faithful. Yet are the best of those Indian juggleries thin things and poor compared with the stupendous, the bewildering, the magnificent "Enchanted Portfolio" of the immortal Robert-Houdin. Mr. Maskelyne's well-known and well-founded views of the late Mme. Blavatsky's performances and writings are combined in a chapter on "Theosophy," which comprises also a sketch of Mme. Blavatsky's career. A member of the Theosophical Society, it appears, has lately remonstrated with Mr. Maskelyne for expressing his opinion in public of a lady who cannot now reply to him. Mr. Maskelyne proposed to test the powers of Messrs. "Kute Mooni & Co." in order to clear the maligned memory of Mme. Blavatsky, but the Mahatmas refuse to stir a finger, though they were ready enough, as Mr. Maskelyne observes, to perform "miracles" to gain a wealthy convert. And so the matter rests, and Mr. Maskelyne drops the subject.

FRAGMENTS OF ROMAN POETRY.*

IN his preface we are informed by Dr. Merry that this little volume is an attempt to meet a difficulty often felt by young students of Roman poetry. They require—or, perhaps, we should

* Selected Fragments of Roman Poetry, from the Earliest Times of the Republic to the Augustan Age. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by W. W. Merry, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

say they ought to require—a convenient handbook containing "a sufficiently representative selection from the fragments which have been preserved of the epic, dramatic, and satiric poets of Rome, from the earliest times of the Republic to the Augustan Age." Let us rejoice that such a demand has sprung up in Oxford, since it is a proof of the increasing vitality of classical studies in that University, and a welcome sign that young men's reading is no longer to be bounded by Terence at one end and Juvenal at the other. There is, indeed, little to show that any extension is at present contemplated in the direction of the Middle and Lower Latin. But it is an augury of progressive curiosity that students are to be found for fragments of such writers, hitherto familiar only by their names, as Ennius and Pacuvius, Livius Andronicus and Lucilius, Volcatius Sedigitus and Publilius Syrus. It is pleasant to add that Dr. Merry's selection, arrangement, and annotation provide a guidance trustworthy and, so far as may be, attractive. He has, of course, made ample use—which he handsomely acknowledges—of the labours of Vahlen and L. Müller on Ennius, of O. Ribbeck on the remains of Roman tragedy and comedy, and those of Wordsworth, Riese, Bücheler, and Bährens. His own notes are not intended to be exhaustive or controversial, but suggestive, rather, and introductory—a purpose which they thoroughly fulfil. And in every case he is careful to note the authority, the grammatical or critical treatise, which has preserved any particular fragment, or, in more happy instances, the slightly-broken series of almost connected passages. In an age which lives, if not for examinations, at least with one eye fixed on class-lists and prizes, it may not be out of place to add, as a recommendation of Dr. Merry's book, that to read it is an easy way of fixing many rare or curious words in the memory, picking up some out-of-the-way notions in etymology and grammar, and—most degraded argument of all—of baulking the examiner who is trying to set you a translation-at-sight paper. Here, for instance, is an easy passage from Ennius—but it has figured in more than one examination-room, and has puzzled candidates strange to early Latin—preserved by Aulus Gellius; the description of a confidential friend of Servilius Geminus, and declared by Ælius Stilo to be a character-sketch of the poet himself:—

Hæc locutus vocat, quo cum bene sæpe libenter
mensam sermonesque suos rerumque suarum
materiem partit, magnam cum lassus diel
partem fuisset de summis rebus regendis
consilio indu foro lato sanctoque senatu;
cui res audacter magnas parvasque locumque
eloqueretur, cuncta simul malaque et bona dictu
evomeret, si qui vellet, tutoque locaret,
prudenter quod dicta loquive tacereve posset:
quo cum multa volup ac gaudia clamque palamque;
ingenium cui nulla malum sententia suadet
ut faceret facinus levis aut malus; doctus, fidelis,
suavis homo, facundus, suo contentus, beatus,
scitus, secunda loquens in tempore, commodus verbum
paucum, multa tenens antiqua sepulta, vetustas
maiorum veterum leges divomque hominumque,
quæ faciunt mores veteresque novosque tenentem.
hunc inter pugnas compellat Servilius sic:

Porcius Licinus provides us with another short and broken passage, which has seen similar modern service since it was preserved by Suetonius. The poet (so like a poet!) is attacking Terence for his intimacy with great folks, and reminding him that pudding is better than praise:—

Dum lasciviam nobilium et laudes fucosas petit,
dum Africani vocem divinam haurit avidis auribus,
dum ad Philum se cenitare et Laelium pulchrum putat,
dum se amari ab his cum credat, crebro in Albanum venit.

suas postlatis rebus ad summam inopiam redactus est.
itaque ex conspectu omnium abijt ut Græciæ in terram ultimam,
mortuost Stympali, Arcadiæ in oppido, nil Publius
Scipio profuit, nihil illi Laelius, nil Furius.
tres per id tempus qui agitabant facile nobilissimi:
eorum ille opera ne domum quidem habuit conductitiam,
saltem ut esset quo referret obitum domini servulus.

Of the extant apophthegms of Publilius Syrus fifty are quoted by Dr. Merry, preserved from his *Mimi* and embalmed as precepts of daily life "intended for the use of schools," as the modern publisher has it, or "pueris sententias ediscendas damus," as Seneca preferred to put it. But, even these disconnected copy-book moralities show how much light on contemporary social life we have lost in being deprived of the author's plays. Many of the passages, it is greatly to be feared, in the complete compositions would hardly deserve a place in the *Flores moralium auctoritatum*, but the scraps are unexceptionable. The wonder is that they have not been more freely quoted. They are as easy to translate as to remember, and they are capable of indefinite application. Let us take a few, almost at hazard. As a motto for African exploration, what more apposite than "Locis remotis qui latet lex est sibi"? Again, "Discordia fit carior concordia"—how neat when the Irish parties make up their differences. Almost more beautiful, more politically Christian-like, more piously diplomatic, is "Injuriarum remedium est obivio." But what shall we say of the following:—"Honesta turpitudine est pro causa bona"? Others, we regret to say, are of a less exalted morality—such as "Veterem ferendo injuriam invites novam," and "Malus quicumque in poena est presidium est bonis."

The use which may be made of a single short passage, when it is treated by a commentator gifted with the imaginary powers which go to the "subjective reconstruction of history," is illus-

trated, as Dr. Merry points out in other language, by Mommsen's remarks on three lines from the prologue to the *Tarentilla* by Nævius:—

Quae ego in theatro meis probavi plausibus
ea non audere quemquam regem rumpere l
quanto libertatem hanc hic superat servitus.

Hereon the historian says that "the position of the poet under the sceptre of the Lagidae and Seleucidae is enviable as compared with his position in free Rome." The deduction is fair, provided we believe that the poet is a trustworthy witness in his own case. It is known that he was thrown into prison, and afterwards banished for what one authority calls the "inconsiderate candour" with which he assailed leading statesmen of Rome—a style of political criticism otherwise described as "petulantiae" and "assidua maledicentia et probra in primores civitatis." The story is told that Nævius started a quarrel with the line "fato Metelli Romai fiunt consules," to which the consul Metellus made the metrical and ill-conditioned rejoinder, "Dabunt malum Metelli Nævio poetae." But whatever may have been his faults or indiscretions, it is certain that Nævius was an original and vigorous writer and the creator of Roman "praetextae." The fragments which have been preserved go some way to account for the influence which he exercised on the literature of his country. Many of his lines are pointed and happy: e.g. "Male parta male dilabuntur" from his *Danaë*, and "laudari a laudato" from his *Hector Proficiens*. No part of Dr. Merry's book is more interesting than the detailed comparison between the *Medea* of Ennius and that of Euripides. Of the Latin play Cicero declared that it was one of the "fabellas Latinas ad verbum e Graecis expressas"—a critical overstatement, as Dr. Merry shows. We have only space to compare and contrast the opening lines:—

NUTRIX. Utinam ne in memore Pelio securibus
caesa accidisset abignea ad terram trabes,
neve inde navis incohanda exordium
coepisset, quae nunc nominatur nomine
Argo, quia Argivi in ea delecti viri
vecti petebant pellem inauratam arietis
Colchia, imperio regis Peliae, per dolum.
Nam nunquam era errans mea domo efferret pedem
Medea, animo aegra, amore saevo saucia.

The Greek runs as follows:—

Εἴθ' ὄφελ' Ἀργούς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος
Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν κυνείας Συμπληγάδας,
μὴδ' ἐν νῆπαισι Πηλίου πεσείν ποτὶ
τρηθείσα πύκνῃ, μὴδ' ἐρετμῶσαι χέρας
ἀνδρῶν ἀριστείων, οἳ τὸ πάγχρυσον δέρος
Πηλία μετῆλθον· οὐ γὰρ ἂν δέσποιν' ἐμὴ
Μήδεια πύργους γῆς ἐπλευσ' Ἰωλκίας,
ἔρωτι θυμὸν ἐκπλαγίσ' Ἰάσονος.

With considerable reason, in treating of Pacuvius, Dr. Merry doubts whether it is correct to assign to the *Chryses* two famous passages conceived in the spirit of the Anaxagorean philosophy:—

... nam isti qui linguam avium intellegunt
plusque ex alieno lecore sapiunt quam ex suo,
magis audiendum quam auscultandum censeo.

Hoc vide circum supraque quod complexu continet
terram.

solique exortu capessit candorem, occasu nigret,
id quod nostri caelum memorant Grai perhibent aethera:
quidquid est hoc, omnia animat format alit augeat creat
sepelit recipitque in sese omnia, omniumque idem est pater,
indidemque eadem aequae oriuntur de integro atque eodem occidunt.

mater est terra: ea parit corpus, animam aether adiugat.

Put into the mouth of Chryses, the sentiments certainly seem, as Dr. Merry says, inconsistent with the position of a priest of the Gods; and although the references, both in Cicero and Nonius point to the *Chryses*, they resemble rather closely the *Chrysippus* of Euripides, and suggest that this name should be substituted for that of *Chryses*. We are glad that Dr. Merry does not omit, from his Pacuvian quotations, the line quoted by Quintilian, and illustrating the poet's successful audacity in word-making. It was the premature decay of this power which stunted the growth of classical Latinity. It got its "academy" too soon. Pacuvius is describing the dolphins at play, and calls them "Nerei repandirostrum incurvicervicum pecus," and afterwards goes on (it is in the *Teucer*):—

Sic protectione laeti piscium lasciviam
intuentur, nec tuendi capere satietas potest.
interea prope iam occidente sole inhorrescit mare,
tenebrae conduplicantur, noctisque et nimbis obcaecat nigror,
flamma inter nubes coruscant, caelum tonitru contremunt,
grando mixta imbi largifico subita praecipitans cadit,
undique omnes venti erumpunt, saevi existunt turbines,
fervit aestu pelagus.

Not less interesting is the passage quoted by Dr. Merry from Aulus Gellius in connexion with the *Plocium* of Cæcilius Statius. The husband of a rich and disagreeable wife is complaining of his lot. He tells a sympathizing friend of the last crowning hardship. He has been compelled to part with an attractive maid. The mistress had been jealous of her. Worse than all, she was boasting abroad of her triumph at home. It is bad enough to be henpecked privately; but the thing becomes unendurable when your friends know of it.

... Is demum miser est qui suam aerumnam nequit
occultare foris: ita uxor mea forma et factis facit,

etsi taceam, tamen indicium mese quae, nisi dotem, omnia
quae nolis habet. qui sapit de me discet,
qui quasi ad hostis captus liber servio salva urbe atque arce.
dum eius mortem inbio, egomet inter vivos vivo mortuus.
quae mihi quidquid placet eo privatum it me servatam velim?
ea me clam se cum mea ancilla ait consuetum. id me arguit:
ita plorando orando instando atque oburgando me optulit,
eam uti venderem. nunc credo inter suas
aequalis, cognatas, sermonem serit:
"quis vostrarum fuit integra aetatura
quae hoc idem a viro
impetrarit suo, quod ego anus modo
effeci, pacifice ut meum privarem virum?"
haec erant concilia hocedie: differor sermone misere.

The play is spirited and amusing—so Gellius thought when he read it with his friends, "haudquaquam mihi et qui aderant displicebat." But they decided then to compare the Latin version with the original Greek. The result was complete disillusion. "Sed enim postquam in manus Menander venit, a principio statim, di boni, quantum stupere atque frigere quantumque mutare a Menandro visus est." He goes on to quote the passage of Menander on which the Latin one printed above was founded:—

ἐπ' ἀμφότερα γυνὴ ἢ πικλῆρος ἢ καλὴ
μέλλει καθενδῆσεν. κατείργασται μέγα
καὶ περιβόητον ἔργον· ἐκ τῆς οἰκίας
ἐξέβαλε τὴν λυπούσαν ἢν ἐβούλετο,
ἢν ἀποβλέπωσι πάντες εἰς τὸ Κρωβύλης
πρόσωπον, ἢ τ' εὐγνωστός οὖς· ἐμὴ γυνὴ
δέσποινα, καὶ τὴν ὄψιν ἦν ἐκτίσαστο·
ὄσος ἐν πύλῃς ἐστὶ δὴ τὸ λεγόμενον.
τοῦτο δὲ σιωπᾶν βούλομαι τὴν νύκτα τὴν
πολλῶν κακῶν ἀρχηγόν. οἱμοὶ Κρωβύλην
λαβεῖν ἐμ' ἐκκαϊκατάλατον, ὃ θεοί,
γύναιον οὖσαν πύχεως· εἴς' ἐστὶ τὸ
φρύγαμ' πως ὑπόστατον; μὰ τὸν Δία
τὸν Ὀλύμπιον καὶ τὴν Ἀθηνᾶν, οὐδαμῶς,
παιδισκᾶριον θεραπευτικὸν δὲ καὶ λόγου
τάχιν.

Quite apart, says Gellius, from the difference in point of elegance, which is very wide indeed, he notes that Cæcilius altogether shirked ("ne qua potuit quidem conatus est enarrare"), did not even do his poor best with, "quae Menander praeclare et apposite et facete scripsit," but simply ignored the passages—"quasi minime probanda praetermisit, et alia nescio quae inimica inculcavit." There is justice, we admit, in these criticisms of Gellius. But surely he lays down a wrong standard when he expects the "adapter" of plays to discharge the functions of a translator. We raise the question because it shows how much living interest may be aroused in what looks so unpromising a field as a collection of more or less disconnected passages from writers nearly forgotten, of whom we cannot say with certainty that any one of them would be entitled, if all his works were rediscovered, to occupy a front place among the second-rate worthies of literature.

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. NOVELLO have issued this season several new works, both sacred and secular, which will be welcomed by choral societies. "Praise to the Holiest," by Dr. H. J. Edwards, is a setting of Newman's hymn for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, which was produced at the Hereford Festival and may be strongly recommended. It will be found well within the capacity of small societies, and at the same time full of effect for larger ones. The voices are handled with sympathy, skill, and experience, and a much larger portion than usual of the true devotional spirit animates the work. The "Battle of the Baltic," by Professor Stanford, was performed at the Richter concerts last summer, and has since been heard elsewhere. It is a bright and spirited piece of writing by an accomplished musician. Dr. Parry's "De Profundis," composed for the Hereford Festival, is a far more satisfactory contribution to contemporary national art. The choral-writing, in twelve real parts, exhibits the hand of a master; and few modern sacred compositions breathe a loftier spirit. The only fault to be found with this very fine psalm is that, owing to the complexity of the vocal score, an adequate rendering will not often be obtained; but perhaps that should not be counted a fault. Dr. C. H. Lloyd's sacred cantata, "A Song of Judgment," is a well-conceived and well-executed work of the Mendelssohnian type. The words, chiefly from Habakkuk, have been chosen with judgment by the Rev. J. P. Metcalfe, and are thoroughly suitable for musical treatment. Dr. Lloyd has before now proved himself an excellent musician, but never more conclusively than in this cantata. He has a real talent, characterized by amiability and sincerity rather than by strength, and an ample technical equipment. The "Song of Judgment" should prove popular with Choral Societies this winter. It is written for chorus, orchestra, and four solo voices; but the composer has made a mistake in calling the lowest voice baritone—the part is not written for a baritone, or even a high bass, but essentially for a *basso giusto*.

Robert Cocks & Co. send us the following songs:—"The King's Mere," by Martyn van Lennep; "Going to Kildare," by Ernest Newton; "Little Lovers," by Edward German; "Last of All," by A. H. Behrend, and "For All Eternity (Eternamente),"

by Angelo Mascheroni. Telling the truth about modern English songs is an endless and weary task, and it does no manner of good. The public and the singers alike insist on having them, and business is business. If, therefore, we say that these songs are "pot-boilers," it is only for convenience of description, and implies no disrespect to either publishers and composers, who are perfectly aware of the fact. The public demands pot-boilers, and at least these are good of their kind. "For All Eternity," in particular, is an effective ditty, and possesses three advantages over the general run of such things—Italian words, a violin obbligato, and the honour of having been sung by Mme. Patti.

Other music published by Robert Cocks & Co. includes the following:—Two violin pieces by Johannes Wolff, "Romance en Re" and "Mélodie," the latter transcribed for the violin from Georges Pfeiffer; two unambitious but very charming compositions, admirably written for the instrument. "Forty Short Melodious Exercises" for the Violin, by W. R. Cave, form a very useful graduated series for young players.

The "Shilling Pianoforte Tutor" contains all that is necessary for absolute beginners, from a diagram of the key-board to our old friends "The Swiss Boy" and "The Troubadour." Book X. of *The Burlington Voluntaries* contains twelve very easy voluntaries for harmonium or organ, by J. W. Elliott. "The Fairies' Spring" is a cantata for female voices by F. H. Cowen. The idyllic subject exactly suits Mr. Cowen, who possesses an unceasing flow of sweet and spontaneous, if rather monotonous, melody. The whole work is extremely pretty, and so easy as to be well within the reach of fairly musical children, who might, with a little help, make a very charming Christmas entertainment out of it.

Mr. Erskine Allon's cantata, "The Child of Elle" (London Music Publishing Company), is disappointing. His earlier work, and particularly his songs, seemed to promise something decidedly better than this. Full credit may be given him for an aim higher than common, and for much pains and ingenuity expended on carrying it out; but he is either woefully lacking in inspiration or else altogether on a wrong tack. Here is a set of words, not very good ones, it is true, but still embodying the very definite story of an ancient ballad, and he has treated them from the standpoint of absolute music, almost without reference to their meaning. The want of dramatic instinct is positively surprising, and the whole work teems with the laboured infelicity of the Cambridge-cum-Leipzig school.

From the same house we have received Part I. of *An English National School of Singing*, by Arthur Helbig. This is the first instalment of what promises to be a portentous work. It is to consist of thirty parts and four volumes. We do not know what Mr. Helbig's qualifications for the task may be, and perhaps it is hardly fair to judge from this introductory fragment; but, frankly, what there is does not inspire confidence, and all the less because of the writer's remarkable self-assurance. He observes that no teacher of singing need think himself above the study of this book; for without the knowledge it contains he is absolutely incompetent to teach singing. Well, well, every singing-master has a weakness for fancying that he alone possesses the secret of the art; but few have the assurance to say so in public. Mr. Helbig gives two reasons for coming forward to dissipate the prevailing darkness about singing. One is that the art has decayed, and no one else does anything to restore it; the other, that "the old so-called Italian method of singing is no longer adequate for the attainment of that far higher proficiency which is essential at the end of the nineteenth century." From which it appears that we have gone backwards and forwards at the same time. The Italian method is found wanting, because it takes no account of English and German vowel-sounds, and does not teach intelligence and feeling. The truth is that when a voice is properly produced—and that is the essence of the Italian method—all vowel-sounds may be mastered and sung; in proof of which we may point to Mr. Santley and Mme. Patti, both Italian-taught singers; when it is not, you may get the vowel-sounds but no singing, witness nearly all German singers. They wheeze and grunt and screech, but they do not sing. As for intelligence and feeling, they have nothing to do with singing methods, and cannot be taught at all. Mr. Helbig evidently considers Wagner's operas the perfection of vocal music, and the German school the ideal, from which we know exactly what to expect. For the rest, whatever is new in this Part I. is not good.

BRAND.*

WHEREVER the voice of criticism proper has been allowed to make itself heard amid the roars of silly adoration and the growls of not much less silly anathema which have rolled round the name of Ibsen, it must have been felt as a misfortune that the Norwegian dramatist's work has been presented to English readers, so to speak, upside down. In hardly any case is it possible to understand a man's later work without knowing his earlier. Now the so-called "Social" dramas are, for the most part, very late—are in all cases late—work. The very earliest of them was not written till Ibsen was past forty, and this was not immediately followed by any others. The prime of the poet's

manhood, on the other hand, was occupied with quite different work, foreshadowing, it may be, to some extent, the later productions, but for that very reason all the more important for the understanding thereof. The chief pieces of this poetical work are the three plays—*Love's Comedy*, *Brand*, and *Peer Gynt*, each of which, we believe, has its champions as Ibsen's masterpiece among Ibsenites properly so called. But *Brand* has the general voice.

In choosing prose for his version Mr. Wilson may seem to have, and evidently thinks that he has, followed a prevailing taste among readers and critics. But the loss is considerable. Ibsen's verses, constructed, it may be, not without reference to Goethe and the Spanish drama, have far more influence than either the Greek trimeter, the French alexandrine, or the English heroic on the presentation of a play. Still it was probably a case of prose or nothing, and at least the substance of the drama remains intact. Brand, a Norwegian parson, pushes the self-sacrifice doctrine of Christianity to its extremest possible limit. We meet him on a new "blasted heath," in a strange welter of the elements, and the storm, morally if not physically, continues throughout the piece. Brand is the very incarnation of the terrors of the Gospel. He does not indeed seem to see any harm in marrying Agnes, the heroine, though she is the betrothed of his friend Einar; but he would doubtless defend this on the plea that Einar is a selfish worldling, while he himself is at least trying to follow duty. But he will not visit his mother even pastorally on her deathbed, because she will not dedicate to pious uses the whole of gains which seem to him ill-gotten. He practically kills his child and his wife by keeping them in a house which he is told will be fatal to their health; and between the two deaths he martyrs his unhappy wife by insisting that she shall not regret what the Lord has taken away, and by forcing her to give the little one's clothes to a beggar's brat. At last, when he has lost both of them and spent all his mother's money on a huge new church, he finds that the constituted authorities expect him to make his benefaction "serve the State." He explodes in a fit of fanatic rage, locks the doors of the church, and leads the villagers off into the moors on a sort of crusade. Their fervour lasts a short time only; they are wiled back by the Bailie and the Provost, and depart cursing and stoning him. Then the half-apocalyptic opening returns in a more apocalyptic close, and after visions of divers kinds, Brand and a mad gipsy girl, Gerd, who has acted as a sort of spasmodic chorus earlier, perish in an avalanche which the girl has brought down by firing a rifle at a supposed evil spirit.

This wild argument is not insufficiently supported by the dialogue and situations. Of course, the rendering from verse into prose accentuates the occasional eccentricity of the style; but, on the other hand, the fact of the play having been originally in verse saves its style from the vulgarity with which the later prose dramas are justly reproached. Spiritually, the piece has a place in Ibsen's theatre which the common or gutter Ibsenite will be the last to perceive. Whether the poet ever went through the spiritual state of his hero we cannot say, and it does not matter. But the exaggerated and over-strained ethics of Brand (strained still further as they are by a strong dash of Schopenhauer, which appears in all his middle period), with the underlying assumption that, short of this exaggeration, there can be nothing but the time-serving hypocrisy of the Bailie and the Provost, represent exactly the state of mind from which the next step would be, at a shorter or longer interval, the attempt to construct a new system of morality altogether, in which self-sacrifice has no place at all, but Will, retaining its predominance, turns into Self-regard only dashed with Pessimism and Necessitarianism. If we wanted a middle resting place or slipping place between *Emperor and Galilean* very well supplies it. So much for the place of the play in that map which, when the bepraising and mouthing about Ibsen are over, will be drawn of him. As for its own merits it is, of course, awfully extravagant; it honestly proclaims that fact in the very first lines, and keeps the promise all through. But it is of a far higher order of literature than any of the prose plays except *The Wild Duck* (for which we are glad to see that Mr. Wilson has a proper value, especially for the character of Gina Ekdal), while, however extravagant may be its pitch, it is not really more so than the topsyturvyfication of *The Doll's House* and *Rosmersholm*.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF EDINBURGH.*

THIS little book has been painstakingly prepared, and is, on the whole, fairly accurate. There has been a fashion lately of writing up Edinburgh, its traditions and associations, of which the most conspicuous and praiseworthy illustration is the *Royal Edinburgh* by Mrs. Oliphant. The present writer certainly deserves the credit of having neglected no available source of information, if we are to believe the account of his investigations in his preface, which assures us that he has studied "scores of local histories" and "hundreds of biographies" bearing upon Edinburgh—to say nothing of spending many weeks in personal examination of "policemen and postmen, old women and maidens,"

* *Brand*. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Wilson. London: Methuen. 1891.

* *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*. By Laurence Hutton. London: James R. Osgood, Melville, & Co.

and many a "miserably-clad and poverty-stricken Solon," without whose aid, he says, "this book would not have been written."

Considering the amount of ground thus covered in its preparation, we may congratulate the author upon having packed the results into such small compass. The illustrations are moderately good; some of the likenesses, however, are very disappointing, especially those of Christopher North, Walter Scott, and Jeffrey, the latter giving no impression of the volatile features of the brilliant little critic. Mr. Hutton is not altogether happy in his anecdote; and shows, in one instance, a blindness to the point of a joke lamentable on the part of an author who professes some acquaintance with Scottish humour. He relates the well-known story of one of David Hume's servants complaining to her master that they had written upon his house, which formed the street corner, "St. David's Street," and quotes the philosopher as replying that "many a waur man than he had been made a saint before." What David Hume actually said, therein lying the whole point of his joke, was "Never mind, my lassie; many a better man has been made a saint before."

Mr. Hutton reels off, rather too much in the style of an auctioneer's catalogue, a number of names but very slightly connected with Edinburgh. He would have done better, we think, if he had mentioned fewer, but told us more that was lively and picturesque about them.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.*

THERE are two kinds of people who are likely to be more or less displeased with this book. One consists of the living members of the Jockey Club, the other of the relations of certain deceased members of that body. We are much mistaken if the former will care to be told of their "dilatatoriness," their "hesitation to strike home," or their habit of pleading "Please, sir, we were just a-going to begin," or "We had as good as done it," when some exterior pressure is brought to bear upon them; and we suspect that the latter will resent the personal accusations—of folly, if of nothing worse—brought by the author against those they loved, or those whose names they cherish with respect and perhaps devotion. To mention by name a nobleman who died only half a dozen years ago, and to say of him that he left "his country (perhaps for that country's good) for Texas, where he died (not, it is understood, in the odour of sanctity)"; to say of another, who died a year later, that he, "if not a 'shocking example' exactly, belonged rather to that category than to the model members" of the Jockey Club; to charge yet another, not so very long dead, with having "made terrible havoc of things in general"; and to say of one, who died within the last few months, that he "must, it is to be feared, take his place among the 'shocking examples,'" appears to us rather questionable taste. Nor will the descendants of a great duke, who "denounced 'horse-cheats' with a fervour worthy of Peter the Hermit," be gratified at seeing him accused of conduct which "was, to say the least of it, 'shady.'"

We are surprised that Mr. Black did not take for his text "Behold I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me"; for, in tracing the earliest history of the Jockey Club, he says "a few words about the moral atmosphere which prevailed in the circle from which the members of the Club would, for the most part, be selected," and then he quotes Mr. J. R. Green to prove that "of the prominent statesmen" of those times the greater part were "unbelievers in any form of Christianity, and distinguished for the grossness and immorality of their lives." "Altogether," says the author, "the candid mind will reject as absurd the modern notion (which is so often made the text of a sermon) that the Jockey Club was founded with any purpose of reforming and purifying either the Turf or anything or anybody else, or of legislating for anything or anybody in the sense in which such terms are now understood, and that, in so far as the Club does not give complete satisfaction in those respects, it has derogated from its original position and programme." That is to say, because the leading statesmen at the time of the founding of the Jockey Club were unchristian, gross, and immoral, the members of the Jockey Club must have been unchristian, gross, and immoral; and because the members of the Jockey Club were unchristian, gross, and immoral, the candid mind will reject the modern notion that they intended to legislate for anything or anybody. But the leading statesmen of those times have been already proved unchristian, gross, and immoral; hence it follows that the candid mind will reject as absurd the modern notion that the leading statesmen of those times intended to legislate for anything or anybody. May we not respectfully add, "which is absurd"? One piece of candour on the part of the author, however, deserves due credit. He tells us that how the Jockey Club, which "first made its appearance about 1750," "came to be founded, and at whose initiation, is a mere matter of conjecture."

A list of the racing connexions of present members of the Jockey Club is perfectly legitimate and even interesting in a treatise of this sort, notwithstanding that as a roll of illustrious names it has rather a comical appearance. It is contained in one prodigious sentence, which covers more than seven pages and fills more than two hundred lines. We will quote a few names

from this roll of honour as specimens. "Lord Rosebery (of a family 'full of running blood, *par les femmes*')"; "Lord Randolph Churchill (who strains back to a Duke of Marlborough, a member, as we have seen, of the Jockey Club in its earliest days)"; "Lord Cadogan (whose name is recorded in 'Pond' before the Jockey Club was known)"; "the Earl of Bradford (descended maternally from the racing family of Sir David Moncreiffe)"—evidently little could be said for his paternal line; "the Earl of Cork (connected by marriage with the great racing family of the Marquess of Halifax)"; "the Marquess of Exeter (who, by his name of Cecil, takes us back in the history of the turf as far at least as 1713 and 1714)"—a real old family his!—"Lord Penrhyn (who is a grandson of the Hon. John Douglas, a name prominent upon the turf, and who" (*sic*) "married, as it were, into the Jockey Club, for the first Lady Penrhyn was a daughter of Sir C. Rushout, a member of the Jockey Club)"; "the Earl of Zetland (through Sir Lawrence Dundas, who, according to the more credible version, was one of the subscribers to the Jockey Club Challenge Cup in 1768)"; "Mr. H. Chaplin (one of whose ancestry it probably was who ran, as long ago at least as 1719, Smiling Nanny for a Gold Cup at Newmarket, and one of whose ancestry it obviously was who ran his grey colt, Blankney, at Grantham and Stamford, in Lincolnshire, in 1765)." These quotations may serve as pleasing examples of the author's style, and we may observe here that we do not remember having read any book containing more brackets than *The Jockey Club and its Founders*.

The work is divided into three periods. The first is from 1750 to 1773, and is described under chapters headed "The Dukes," "The Lords," "The Sires," and "The Mistresses," &c. The second is from 1773 to 1835, and has chapters on "The Prince of Wales, and the Dukes," "The Lords," "The Commoners," and "A Bird's-eye View." The third is from 1835 to 1891, and is dealt with in two chapters on "Departed Members," one on "Present Members," and "A Brief Review." An arrangement of this kind gives ample opportunities for the introduction of little bits of gossip about the people noticed. William, Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II., the hero of Culloden, and the owner of both the sire and the dam of the famous horse Eclipse, seems to have been "the first Royal member of the Jockey Club, which from that day to this has never lacked a Royalty of some kind, if we except some half-dozen years in the first half of Queen Victoria's reign, after which the Royal House of Holland came to the rescue." Another Duke of Cumberland, Henry Frederick, brother of George III., and Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, the "father of canals," were among the earlier ducal members of the Club. Sir Richard Grosvenor, afterwards the first Earl of that name, was another early member. "When he should have kissed hands," upon receiving his title, says Horace Walpole, "he was gone to Newmarket to see the trial of a racehorse," and the author tells us that he is said to have lost 300,000*l.* during his "thirty years' connexion with the Turf; but his family do not appear to have come to the workhouse in consequence." Lord Orford belonged to the Club in 1758. "He (and the Marquess of Rockingham) raced geese (the feathered variety) at Newmarket," and he drove "red deer instead of horses, four-in-hand, and got hunted by a pack of hounds." It may not be universally known that that very early Steward of the Jockey Club, Sir Charles Bunbury, the winner of the first Derby, was an elder brother of Bunbury, the celebrated caricaturist. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was both a member of the Jockey Club and a great patron of racing. He had to leave the Turf twice; the first time on account of his pecuniary embarrassments, and the second owing to his being "virtually 'warned off' Newmarket Heath by the Jockey Club" because he "very honourably and pluckily stuck by his jockey, Sam Chifney the elder, accused (as the Prince believed, very unjustly) of riding Escape 'booty.'" On at least one occasion he posted to Newmarket "in queer fashion, himself riding the near leader, and the illustrious Mr. C. J. Fox (the statesman and orator) riding the near wheeler of the four horses that drew the chaise, with the two 'jolly post-boys' inside the carriage. The Duke of Leeds, who lived in both the last and the present centuries, won the St. Leger with Octavian, a horse which he is said to have purchased as a foal "from one of his own tenants, having taken a fancy to it *while following its dam in the plough*." Lord George Bentinck, Lord Palmerston, Sir S. Martin the judge, General Peel, Admiral Rous, George Payne, and the last Lord Hastings are, of course, among the characters described, but less is said of them than of certain others not so deserving of notice.

There is a long list, which might have been greatly extended, of clergymen who have from time to time been distinguished in connexion with the Turf, including the Rev. Mr. Goodriche, who "won several St. Legers"; "the Rev. 'Passon' Harvey, who used to ride Young Vandyke to service, they say, at Westminster Abbey"; the Rev. Nanney-Wynn, "owner of the celebrated Signorina, by Champion"; and, in "more recent times, the Rev. Mr. 'Launde' King, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and breeder, owner, and runner of the famous mare Apology," who won the One Thousand, the Oaks, and the St. Leger.

We have not space to say much about the action or legislation of the Jockey Club, and apparently Mr. Black has found himself to some extent in the same difficulty. It was under the Inclosure Acts of George II. that the Club acquired large portions of Newmarket Heath in 1798. Between 1805 and 1808 it purchased adjacent lands from Mr. Allix, Mr. Salisbury Dunn, and Mr. C.

* *The Jockey Club and its Founders*. In Three Periods. By Robert Black, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1891.

Pemberton, and by exchanging bits of ground with the representatives of Pembroke College, Cambridge, it gradually became the proprietor of the splendid four-mile Beacon Course, of which "the other courses are but subdivisions or embranchments." In 1882 the Club bought the Exning Estate, "lest speculative builders should erect upon it houses which, overlooking the Heath, might be used as 'stands' at race-time and as 'touts' on other days." In respect to legislation, we will only observe that the Jockey Club sanctioned the racing of yearlings so long ago as 1786, and discontinued the practice in 1859. Its action in the Chetwynd-Durham case is rather severely dealt with. In his concluding paragraph, however, the author admits that if "the Club, collectively, may not have been noticeable for a desire to promote the pleasure, comfort, and advantage of the public," many of its members have, individually, "at different times deserved well of the community, either by establishing race-meetings on their property," or "by improving the spectacle and increasing the means of enjoying it."

TURNER'S "SOUTHERN COAST."*

THIS handsome volume comprises impressions from the original plates engraved for Turner's contributions to the famous serial publication in which some of the finest of the artist's coast-marines first appeared; and it must be admitted that their revival, with the old title, in a new form, is altogether as satisfactory as the revival of the noble series of Yorkshire landscapes in the *Richmondshire* volume of last year. In the place of the original text of the *Southern Coast* Mr. Marcus Huish has supplied an excellent general introduction to the series, and useful notes by way of exposition and criticism. With many admirers of Turner, we have always regretted that the artist was not permitted to contribute his own commentary, in prose and verse, upon his work, as he was willing to do, and would have done, but for the opposition of the literary editor and publisher of the original book. Had he fulfilled his desire, we cannot doubt that we should have had something very different from the tame and rather laboured letterpress that was preferred to the somewhat whimsical, yet decidedly lively, notes that Turner submitted to editorial consideration. In the present reissue it is evident that great care has been expended on the printing of the engravings. With such excellent material and careful printing it is scarcely surprising that the impressions, in almost every instance, are of admirable quality. The plates produced by such masters of line-engraving as W. Miller, Wallis, the two Cookes, and other interpreters of Turner, here represented, are of the kind that endures longer than most. In these forty coast pieces, Turner has dealt with many of the chief points of interest in the whole Channel coast from Kent to Cornwall, and in most examples the artist was dominated by marine and skyey influences in his treatment of the coast. Topography, in fact, is the very last word that should be used with respect to this series. Occasionally, he would abandon the marine aspect, weary, perhaps, of tossing in small boats with Cyrus Redding, and present another study of the subject, as in the "Teignmouth," which is pure topography of a very refined type. But, in general, his treatment of the coast is fantastic and grandiose. It completely effaces local configuration, or magnifies the characteristic masses of the composition by mirage-like atmospheric effects. Mr. Huish cites the "Dover," as an example of Turner's tendency to exaltation, and notes the somewhat exaggerated relations of castle, cliff, and town, though we should have preferred to take more than one other plate as a better illustration. The "Dover" certainly cannot be said to ignore topography. Turner would transfigure the subject, as many of these engravings show, by veiling the salient features of the coast in gloomy vapours or gleaming showers, and suggesting a poetic unity of sentiment in earth and heaven. In several drawings or paintings of Hastings, for instance, the great rounded head of the cliff east of the old town looms in the stormy sky like the vast steep of Gibraltar as seen from the sea beyond Europa Point. In the "Dartmouth," again, where the lofty slatey hills at the entrance to the harbour assume the grandeur of a mountainous defile of the upper Rhine, the artist was as little intent upon topography as he was thoughtful of geology. It was his to dignify the theme by his exuberant play of fancy whenever he deemed the subject needed it. Occasionally the engravers of English landscape art were at fault by an unintelligent rendering of the distance. Constable's impressive drawing of Borrowdale suffered a tame change at the engraver's hand. Turner's tumultuous skies are fairly rendered for the most part, but in the "Torbay" the low, mole-shaped hills that represent the bold limestone masses, now covered by the villas of Torquay, can scarcely be considered a happy rendering of the distant coast-line in Turner's original work.

DANTE.†

ALTHOUGH we have never failed to perceive the abomination of American spelling, we do not know that we have ever felt it to be so utterly and entirely in the place where it

ought not as in this new prose translation of the *Inferno*. Marvelous ill-favored is this version of the greatest comedy that ever was put on the theater of the world, and great are the woes of the traveler through it. The abomination has even a special and ingenious wickedness here. "Color," for instance, is not an English word, though it was the Latin; and we are given to understand that it is the American for "colour." But it is an Italian word—it is even two quite different Italian words; and the vexed reader, wondering what it means, and forgetting for a moment that it is American for colour, may have delicious doubts whether some Italian has not strayed into the version, making nonsense. It was well done of Messrs. Macmillan to give English readers an opportunity of making acquaintance with Professor Norton's work; it was ill done of them simply to adopt the version of the Riverside Press, instead of giving some English printer a commission to trim it up and make it straight.

Putting this aside as far as possible, we may proceed to thank Professor Norton for giving us some hours' re-reading of nearly the greatest matter to be found anywhere in literature. It has been said, and said truly, of Dante that, in those who have the faculty of admiring and loving him at all, admiration and love continually grow. There is no standing still about him, much less any falling away from the first affection. And in reading a prose translation one is necessarily brought very close, in any case, to the original, especially if the reading be critical, and necessitate constant reference to the original itself. For ourselves, we have made this reference double—to Dante himself and to Dr. Carlyle's version of him, which is the chief, if not the only, prose version in English, and which is about as good as any prose version of anything can be. With agreeable frankness and loyalty Professor Norton says that, if Dr. Carlyle had translated the whole poem, he should himself hardly have cared to attempt it. He says further—as to which we shall have something to say—that Dr. Carlyle's idea of a translation is very much the same as his own; he makes the odd remark that "it was published forty years ago, but is still contemporaneous enough in style to answer every need." We should hope so. But Mr. Norton is not equally pleased with the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* in which Mr. A. J. Butler has, in a manner, continued Dr. Carlyle's Italian-English issue of the *Commedia*. He thinks Mr. Butler excessive in literal fidelity. That may or may not be so; we have not Mr. Butler's work before us now, even as a standard of comparison. But we may note that Professor Norton thinks "excessive literal fidelity" not good—that he indeed quotes with approval from Howell the sentiment that "one may be so very punctual in words that he may mar the matter."

Curiously enough it is precisely this marring of the matter by over-precise punctuality in words with which we should chiefly reproach Professor Norton. He seems to us constantly to have stuck in the bark of the letter to his disadvantage, and where he has endeavoured to smooth it or go beyond it, to have been frequently unfortunate. As an instance of the latter we may take an adjective which every reader of Dante remembers, "*aer bruno*," "*onda bruna*." Dr. Carlyle, like a wise man and a brother of Thomas, knew that "brown" (which has the excellent authority in English of Dryden's "brown horror," &c.) was the right thing to keep in both cases, and kept it. Professor Norton substitutes the literary vagueness of "dusky," and we have observed other instances of this same shying and shirking at the *mot propre* in him. But, for the most part, his faults seem to us to lie in other directions, and to show what they are we must take some instances. When Virgil says that he cannot take Dante beyond Purgatory, Mr. Norton renders with unquestionable faithfulness "to whom thereafter if thou wilt ascend a soul there shall be more worthy than I for that." Now this is barely English, and we can conceive a not very stupid person finding it barely sense. It is a "construe," not a translation, and it must seriously interfere with the pleasure of the reader who has not got the Italian before him, or would not be the wiser for it if he had. Here is another passage from the next canto:—"And as is he who unwill's what he willed, and because of new thoughts changes his design, so that from undertaking he quite withdraws, such I became on that dark hillside, because in thinking I brought the enterprise to nought that had been so hasty in the undertaking." Now, is that the way to bring little children to Dante? Undoubtedly it is not an easy passage to render; even Dr. Carlyle's "wholly quits the thing commenced" is not exact, though his note renderings are so; and we doubt whether either his "wasted the enterprise" or Mr. Norton's "brought the enterprise to nought" is good for *consumai l'impresa*, which is rather "used up the enterprise"; but Dr. Carlyle, at any rate, makes readable English of the whole, and Mr. Norton does not. Further, Mr. Norton fixes nonsense on Dante, by making him say in English that "the tearful land gave forth a wind that flashed a vermillion light, which vanquished," &c., instead of "a wind, and flashed with a vermillion light." Surely, again, in the most famous passage of the whole poem it is a great mistake to alter the order and make it "than in misery to remember the happy time." It was not for nothing that so great a master of word and line made the *enjambement* of *nella miseria*. And a little further we come to one of those strange inversions in which, in order to keep the order of the original (and yet, as we have seen, he sometimes alters this to its hurt), Mr. Norton sometimes indulges:—"For all the gold that is beneath the moon, or ever was, of these weary souls could not make a single one repose." This is to grotesque Dante, not to translate him.

* *The Southern Coast of England*. Illustrated by Line Engravings after Turner. With an Introduction by Marcus B. Huish. London: Virtue & Co. 1891.

† *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. I. Hell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

But we need hardly pursue this scarcely grateful task any further. In fact, if Mr. Norton had not indulged in that rather unlucky remark about over-literal fidelity, we should not have troubled ourselves about it at all. On the whole, his version is very close, and its chief faults lie in a lack of charm and a lack of clearness—this latter made more sensible by a great paucity of notes. We do not love notes, but if you translate such a writer as Dante so closely as Mr. Norton has done, notes are almost necessary. Mr. Norton almost confines his to personal or real references (by the way, in the note on "heliotrope" it is odd not to mention that its common name is "bloodstone"), rarely expounding the text. We should, therefore, imagine that the book will not be found a very readable one by the general, though from its closeness it will not be useless as a "crib." Mr. Norton, however, was, it must be confessed, at a disadvantage in standing comparison with so unusually good a version as Dr. Carlyle's. We shall be curious to see what he makes of the next cantica.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VI.

IF it be true that good wine needs no bush, it might be supposed that a good story could gain nothing by the best of titles. But romancers have practically shown that there is something in a good title, whether or not they have professed, as Scott did, a Shandean faith in the matter. Mr. Ernest Glanville appears to be a true believer in the charm. His romance of *Maahonaland*, *The Fossicker* (Chatto & Windus), is a story of exceptional power, with a title that is peculiarly enigmatic and provocative, a title that calls for solution. We must confess that, beyond the conjecture that he might be a person that "fossicked," we had no notion whatever as to what a Fossicker is. And having solved the matter we would not make an ill requital of the pleasure this ingenious and fascinating book has afforded. Base was the reviewer who revealed. It is enough to observe that midway in the story of Frank Smedley's exciting and perilous search the reader learns what a Fossicker is, and is still completely in the dark as to who and what is the Fossicker. Many a league of veldt and mountain, many a thrilling adventure and marvellous escape, must be overpast before he arrives at the haunted forest, the place of gold and dead men's bones, and penetrates the bewildering labyrinth to the dim lake of the ibis and the mysterious "Kloof," where the Fossicker abides. It is a many-veiled mystery, contrived with admirable skill. But the story is the thing. There is not a dull page in it. The narrative of the search by Smedley and the old Hottentot hunter Gert—a character of the first water—is as full of enchantment as anything in romance. We cannot believe that any one, fairly launched on the way, could put the book down for a minute, so enthralling is the spell the author has created. If there should be such a person, we should like to "examine his bumps." In *The Crystal Hunters* (Partridge & Co.), Mr. G. Manville Fenn enters upon what we fancy must be an entirely new field, and one that he has worked with excellent results. The hunters for crystal are a man and a youth, who, with a guide, explore the unknown districts of the higher Alps, and discover a majestic cavern, rich in the natural treasure they seek. The younger of the two hunters is a stranger to mountaineering, and his wondering ignorance at the first is treated with a good deal of humour by Mr. Fenn. He is for ever asking of his uncle, who is constrained to stay his inquiries by telling him his name "is not Barlow," and there is much work to be done. And no boy-reader of this capital story will complain of any lack of excitement in the story of the *Crystal Hunters*. *Aboveboard*, by W. C. Metcalf (Nisbet & Co.), is an excellent sea-story, though it introduces a new and rather odd kind of pirate—a pirate that becomes "converted," and is in other ways a somewhat varied example of his kind. The incident of the burning ship that opens the story and the strange adventure on the iceberg are, however, vigorously told; while the wholesome tone of the story and the absence of anything like extravagance are highly to be commended. Mr. Walter Wentworth, in *The Drifting Island* (Nelson), provides a sequel to a former story that dealt with the heroic negro, King Nap, or "Kibboo Ganey," whom many boys, we must assume, will recall with pleasure. These further adventures of Bob Laurie and Ted Leslie in the Congo country are to the full as interesting. Indeed, Mr. Wentworth's young readers are likely to hope that he has not yet done with Bob and Ted.

School life, of which Mr. Talbot Baines Reed has proved to be a keen delineator, is not the subject treated in *Roger Ingleton*, *Minor* (Sampson Low & Co.), nor have we here to consider a story especially written for boys. The book, however, is a powerful example of melodramatic fiction, and is written with Mr. Reed's wonted vivacity and fertility of resource. The plot is decidedly clever, and the interest of a well-wrought narrative is thoroughly sustained, despite the fact that the mystery of the elder Roger Ingleton is at an early stage of the story clearly visible to the discerning reader. Mr. Robert Leighton, if he is, as we believe, a new writer, must be congratulated upon the fidelity to nature that marks his tale of the Orkney Islands, *The Pilots of Pomona* (Blackie & Son). His pictures of Orcadian life and nature are charming, and should propitiate the genius of the Isles.

How many English boys, by the way, could say offhand where Pomona is? As to naming the twenty-eight islands and forty-four holms that are in Orkney, as Halcro Ericson was required to do, that would prove a ploughing matter for most people. Halcro's adventures comprise varied experiences with pilots, fisherfolk, smugglers, on board a derelict vessel in Arctic seas, and a discovery of a Viking's grave with much treasure. He tells his own story, and a thoroughly interesting story it is. *Paul Blake*, by Alfred Elwes (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), the story of a boy's adventures in Corsica among bandits, is a book that has suggested in the reading a previous acquaintance. The picture of the elated Paul on a fiery steed, charging the breakers of the rocky coast of Tuscany, seems, at least, familiar to us. However this may be, the story is good to read and to re-read, for it is of the rousing kind of fiction. *A Village Genius*, by M. Bramston (National Society), is "the life of a real personage attired in the garments of fiction," based upon the biography of Dedler, the composer of the Oberammergau Passion-music, of whom, indeed, there is little recorded, though the author has constructed a pleasing story of the material.

The Last of the Giant Killers (Macmillan & Co.) is a delightful volume of Yorkshire legends by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, the historian of Cleveland and Danby, in which some local folk-story and myth, or local place-name, forms the suggesting germ of the legend. The exploits of Jack of Danby Dale are connected with supernatural beliefs common to many districts of England and various countries of Northern Europe. Dr. Atkinson relates with admirable freshness and vividness of style how Jack crushed the Giant, how he possessed himself of his staff, and became the "Wolf-queller," and overcame the "Church-grim Goat," and performed many other wondrous deeds. Of all stories for fireside reading, these are the best and most reasonable. *The Great Show of Kobol-land*, by Frank R. Stockton (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), is a fantastic story, cleverly illustrated by Mr. Dan. Beard, that may amuse children of an "advanced" type, though the humour of it strikes us as rather laboured. *Mischief Makers*, by Mrs. M. E. Brewster (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is the story of Zipporah, a Jewish maiden, in the days of Herod the Great. Zipporah suffers much from persecution; but adversity brings her into contact with illustrious characters of history. Of these is Cleopatra, of whom it is written:—"One might have said that her form had been cast in the mould of an able artist." She assures Zipporah, with mighty indignation, that she does not love Marc Antony:—"Listen to me. Policy often makes cruel exactions—But why confess my shame? Know only that a princess descended from the illustrious race of the Ptolemies is not made to love a gross, brutal, and soulless soldier." There is much of this unreal and modern sentiment in this historical tale. *In the Wars of the Roses*, by E. Everett-Green (Nelson), deals with history in a more legitimate fashion, and is an interesting story, not overburdened with historical detail, of which, indeed, young people may well have too much.

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co.'s concise Diaries, in their variety of pretty cases, are, if possible, more attractive than ever this year. Size No. 2, in its light-coloured imitation crocodile-skin case, containing purse and card-case combined, is delightful. A diary simply bound in Russia (No. 313), one smaller one in plain leather (No. 412), and the most useful size for a gentleman's pocket (No. 401), also bound in plain leather, are each perfect in their way; whilst No. 396 will be perhaps preferred, as it also has pockets for cards, stamps, and papers. Amongst the Calendars, *Shakespeare's*, with a quotation from his works for every day; *Every Day*, with "Selections from Celebrated Authors"; *Our Daily Guide*, with "a Text from the Bible for Every Day in the Year"; *Day unto Day*, with "Selections from Holy Scripture for Every Day in the Christian Year"; *Our Daily Portion*, with "Helpful Texts for Every Day in the Year," are useful in their different ways, whilst Marcus Ward's *Illuminated Date Cards*, on a little metal easel, *The Boudoir Calendar*, with poetical quotations, are decidedly ornamental; and so, indeed, are *A Calendar of the Months*, and *Happy Days Calendar*, which have pretty pictures of children, and are twelve cards, with the days of the month on each, tied together with ribbon loops. These would be very suitable to hang in nurseries. *Messages for Life's Journey* is a set of six little booklets, by Frances Ridley Havergal, very prettily got up and filled with good words. Amongst the numerous pretty booklets that Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. have sent us, perhaps the best are *Rise Crowned with Light*, by Alexander Pope; *Prayer*, by James Montgomery; *Gems from Shakespeare*; *A Psalm of Life*, by Longfellow, and *O why should the spirit of Mortal be proud?* by William Knox, described as "The favourite poem of Abraham Lincoln." The most fascinating of the children's books is a set of four, *Old Mother Hubbard*, *Mary had a little Lamb*, *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*, *Waddling Frog*, well and humorously illustrated by E. Caldwell. With such a variety of good designs in the Christmas cards it is difficult to pick out the best. "The Magic Lantern," some birdcages, "The Old Arm Chair," No. 467; a set of folding cards disclosing when opened, one, a cock and hen's tea-party, another, turkeys playing at billiards, and a third some ducks playing at whist, No. 377a; "Grandfather's Clock," No. 477c; a set of four with quaint designs of pigs, No. 373; a folding card representing a stage door, No. 449; another Punch and Judy, 448—are all good. The most original is a set of two, 327, "The whole family wish you a very jolly Christmas"—nine hands are holding various umbrellas in

one, and nine pairs of boots and shoes are being gazed at by a small dog in the other.

From Messrs. Meissner & Buch we have received several booklets, exquisitely got up. *Forget not all His Benefits*, by Fairlie Thornton; *Light in the Darkness*, by Margaret Haycroft; *The Unfailing One, Faithful Promises, Everlasting Blessings, The Lord Reigneth*, poems by Charlotte Murray, are worthy of much praise; as are also two shorter poems by the same lady, in the form of tiny booklets, *Perfect Peace* and *Much More*; also a packet of three Christmas and New Year's cards, "Our Father's Care," with verses by Charlotte Murray. The other Christmas cards that have particularly pretty designs are "Fellowship with Jesus," a packet of three cards, with verses by Frances Ridley Havergal; "Rejoicing in Hope," a packet of six cards, verses by Charlotte Murray, and numberless quaint designs—cats coming out of a hat-box, pug-dogs on tricycles, a pair of gloves—in fact, there is originality as well as variety in these cards, which, with the booklets, have been printed in Germany.

Bemrose & Sons have sent us some useful Calendars—the *Scripture Calendar*, the *Proverbial Calendar*, and the *Daily Calendar*.

IRISH STORIES.*

MR. KENNEDY'S capital book of Irish legend was first published a quarter of a century ago. A new edition is practically a new book, for the work is not well known even to the children of Mother Goose. Mr. Kennedy took his tales chiefly from oral recitation; the style of the narrators has elements of modern colloquialism, as well as relics of old Celtic idiom. It is not easy to say how it happens that Irish fireside stories are less popular among children than versions from French, German, and Norse. Perhaps too much of peculiar local ideas and idioms are introduced, perhaps the Irish humour does not take the childish fancy. Possibly the very unpedantic bits of mythological speculation which Mr. Kennedy introduces frighten away little boys and girls. In any case, the Celtic does not circulate like the French, German, and Norse tales. Uncles in search of something fresh for Christmas may try Mr. Kennedy's collection, though it is unlucky in having to compete with that of Mr. Jacobs.

As to the date and origin of *Märchen*, Mr. Kennedy believes in the Aryan theory. The stories came to Europe from some place near the shores of the Caspian. He does not dally with solar myths, and is aware that forms of some of the tales occur in Africa. He is also much impressed by the many analogies between Greek myths and *Märchen* in general. The simple explanation is that the stories are common property of all the world, while Greek myths are only the stories modified by literary handling and national or priestly prepossessions.

As is usually the case, the *Märchen* of Ireland are most closely akin to those of the nearest neighbours of the Irish, the Highlanders and the Lowland Scotch. Invaders from Old Ireland would carry them to Argyllshire; the Lowlanders would either borrow them or possess analogous traditions. Thus "Jack and his Comrades" begins like "Jack and his Mother" in Chambers's *Nursery Traditions of Scotland*. Then comes in the familiar formula of "The Grateful Animals." The whole ends with a piece of modern banter, added by the original narrator. Mr. Kennedy diverges into a brief *excursus* on animal-worship in Ireland. He omits the only important point, the traces of Irish totemism, remarked on by Mr. Gomme and other antiquarians. "The Bad Stepmother" has the incident of the girl seeing another girl's face in the well, and taking it for her own, "grown handsome since yesterday." This is familiar in Norse, Scotch, French, Flemish tales, and elsewhere. The ingenious plan of not christening a child, so that a secret never to be told to any baptized person may be communicated to him, is new to us. The expedient is dangerous, because of the Fairies. The Princess who could not laugh (p. 22) is a well-known figure in Grimm and Deulin. The mode by which she is induced to smile is not the same as in the Continental variants, which are akin to the Zulu. "Death or my daughter, I suppose," is a very natural remark of a *blasé* monarch's, and may have been uttered by the father of Atalanta. This tale (p. 22) is akin to Deulin's "Twelve Dancing Princesses." "I'll be wiser the next time" has actually a variant in the Tonga Islands; it is a Gothamite kind of story, the success of a fool. "The Brown Bear of Norway" (a form of the Cupid and Psyche tale) is interesting. Scott refers to a legend of this name; but the usual Scotch form is "The Black Bull o' Norro-way." No Scotch collection contains "The Brown Bear"; but it must have been extant. The separable skin occurs here; a discourse thereon will be found in Mr. Nutt's reprint of Avlingham's translation of *Apuleius*. Mr. Kennedy is rich in the usual fairy stories, the kidnapping of men and the changing of children. Allan Cunningham, in *Songs of Scotland* (1825), gives an extraordinary account of a man's being snatched to Fairyland in his own boyhood. He "was carried away between night and day" as he was crossing a flooded ford. In *Guy Mannering* some one thus accounts for the disappearance of Harry Bertram. Mr. Kennedy should remark that Hephæstion is not Hephæstus (p. 73). An odd piece of

fairy belief occurred in 1746. It was the day of Culloden. Lovat had made ready a feast at Gortuleg, when a young girl, sitting at an open window, saw a pell mell of horsemen riding at full gallop to the Castle. She thought they were fairies, and tried not to wink; for if you wink when you see a fairy he will disappear. They did not disappear; they were "Charlie and his men." The girl heard old Lovat revile Charles for not going to the rendezvous at Ruthven. His Irishry had corrupted the Prince. The tortures inflicted on supposed changelings (p. 83) have been ventured within the last ten or fifteen years. Mr. Kennedy translates a charming old lyric prayer to the fairies (p. 86). It has an appearance of great antiquity. "The Fairy Nurse," in Fairyland, may be compared with "The Elfan Nourice" in Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's *Ballad Book*—

I heard a cow low,
A bonny, bonny cow low.

The song seems to be genuine. The tale also corresponds to the ballad of "Tamlane," as also does "The Recovered Bride" (p. 100). "The Kildare Pooka" (p. 115) answers to the Brownie. He retires when rewarded with a coat, because his punishment for idleness in life was to work till he got wages, as "The White Lady" had to skulk till somebody kissed her. Mr. Kennedy adds some stories of Fetches, or Wraiths, who behave on familiar psychical lines. Among these is the wraith of Queen Elizabeth. We could also a tale unfold about the ghost of Mary Stuart, beheld in our own day, caressing a sick child; but it might get into a Christmas number, so no more of it. "Ghosts and Football" is merely a form of Grimm's "Lad who wished to Learn to Shiver" (p. 137). There is here a fable analogous to the delightful one, "Then I'm King of Cats!" (p. 140). The Irish seem to have escaped the criminal lunacy of persecutions for witchcraft. "There is a sane spot in every man's mind." "The Enchantment of Gearhoidh Iarla" is a form of the story about Eildon Hill and its sleeping warriors. There are many anecdotes of amorous elfin maidens (p. 156). Mr. Stevenson finds Samoa full of them; so is New Caledonia. Mr. Kennedy has heard stories like these, dear to *kruptadia*. His delicacy forbids him to publish them, even in Latin. This is a pity; "delicacy" has destroyed the words of the old Scotch songs. "The Doctor's Fetch" is a very good psychical spook, *simulacrum vulgare*.

Mr. Kennedy ends with Ossianic legends. Would we presume to comment on their mysteries! He also gives saintly folklore; but, while he tells us of St. Bridget, says nothing of her "brat."

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and his cat,

as Meg Merrilies sings. Cunningham reads "hat" for "cat," but who was the "brat"? We have only dipped into Mr. Kennedy's fairy wells. The book is pleasant, good-humoured, and quite free from pedantry or pretence.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MADAME GEVIN-CASSAL'S *Souvenirs du Sundgau* (1) belongs to the interesting, but by no means easy, class of Miss Mitford's *Our Village*, and we really do not know that since that famous book there has been a better example of it. Even since Alsatian subjects became for obvious reasons fashionable with French readers, this out-of-the-way corner of the upper province has, as our author modestly complains, scarcely obtained any attention as compared with Strasburg and its district. This book, however, ought fully to rehabilitate it. The pictures of manners are fresh, exact, and singularly lively; there is occasionally a little story interest thrown in; and there is constant attraction for the folklorist. We may observe, by the way, that one of the tales is an almost exact reproduction in important points of Isabella Wardour's "Fortunes of Martin Waldeck" in *The Antiquary*. Of course, the legend in various forms is *arché* common; but we do not know that we have ever before seen this Alsatian form of it, which is interesting, because, like "The Castle of the Sparrow-Hawk" and others, it admits that fairy or even devilish gifts may sometimes be of advantage without subsequent sets-off.

The *Nouvelle Collection*, which, as it never fails to remind its readers, may be put in the hands of "even of young girls," has been unusually lucky with its last two numbers, contributed by M. Ferdinand Fabre and M. Georges de Peyrebrune. The latter's contribution is the slighter of the two. "Giselle" (2) is a little dog who forms the bond of union between (and is rather ungratefully treated by) a young man of good birth, official employment, and some money, and the daughter of two respectable shopkeepers. The pair meet and marry, and their happiness is nearly shipwrecked by the bride's resolve to go on living and oblige her husband to live with her parents. At the psychological moment Giselle intervenes (not, like the Queen's Proctor, too late) and the situation is saved. The story is, as we have said, slight, and the situations, as will be seen, are, though not conventionally, purely French; but the thing

(1) *Souvenirs du Sundgau*. Par Madame Gevin-Cassal. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(2) *Giselle*. Par Georges de Peyrebrune. ("La Nouvelle Collection.") Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.

* *Legendary Fictions of Irish Celts*. By Patrick Kennedy. London: Macmillan. 1891.

is well told. M. Fabre has been extremely agreeable in another instalment of the history of "M. le Neveu," his angelic uncle, that uncle's short-tempered but excellent *gouvernante*, and the rest of our old Cévenol friends. "Germy" (3), the heroine, is a supposed sorceress, and really a repentant sinner, who is reclaimed by the apostolic simplicity and charity of the Abbé Fulcran. Here, again, it cannot be said that there is any superfluity of "story," but the whole is quite delightfully told, and all the personages (including the black cat, "*Monsieur Cascaret*," whose pardon we beg a thousand times for not mentioning him earlier) stand out with perfect liveliness and verisimilitude. There is a wicked doctor, who is a great comfort; we own to having become utterly sick and weary of the perpetual good doctor of French fiction. There is some hope now of the disappearance of the virtuous young engineer, and then we shall be, as far as it is possible for persons whose lot is cast *ici-bas* as reviewers, tolerably and reasonably happy.

There is no doubt that Poushchine was a person of great talent; indeed, we are *rococo* enough to think that he has been by no means surpassed since *L'aube russe* (4) has turned into a Dostoevskian and Tolstolian *crépuscule*. But there is also no doubt that MM. Tzeline and Jaubert are persons of no common bravery, for they open their volume with "*La dame de Pique*," and "*La dame de Pique*" in the very same language is familiar to us all in a certain volume which also contains *Carmen* and *Arsène Guillot*. It is necessary to be "no blate" thus to thrust oneself into a competition with Mérimée. However, the translators may justly say that they are only translators; that they have benefited by Mérimée as much as they can, and that it is not fair to push the comparison further. So be it.

Toujours aimée (5), though gracefully written, and with some good provincial sketches, is a book which, without any compensatory force or interest of character-drawing, is rather painful.

The last book on our list contains two stories of about equal length—that which gives the title (6), and another entitled *Renouveau*. They both show the sufficient, if not very striking, talent of their author. The good doctor reappears in the first, and repairs the wrongs inflicted by a perfidious friend; the title of the second almost explains itself.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE FINE ARTS, by G. Baldwin Brown (John Murray), is a treatise that deals with the various processes and conditions of artistic production, and with art in its typical manifestations of progress and development from prehistoric ages. Comprehensive in treatment, this book is inspired by a well-defined and laudable educational object, as becomes a "University Extension" manual that is not primarily addressed to artists and students of art. Professor Brown's aim is to stimulate the reader's interest in "the more purely artistic qualities of works of art." The "outside observer," the person whose interest in art is non-professional, though decidedly "professed," for he may be said to be, nowadays, legion, seldom or never approaches a work of art from the artist's standpoint. Literary considerations, or historical, or technical, occupy his mind to the exclusion of those immutable qualities that constitute the beauty and significance of works of art. He sees, as Professor Brown remarks, only "the completed result," and, it might be added, he sees this, as a rule, very imperfectly. As to the actual working of the creative faculty, and the laws that govern the artistic impulse, he is entirely in the dark. There is no doubt that, unless the artist's aims and the conditions in which his work is produced are understood, there can be no possibility of any but a superficial appreciation of that work. The author's aim, in this useful handbook, is to arouse and direct the interest of the general reader in the formative processes by which artistic qualities are evolved in artistic work. His book is written in an enlightened spirit, and is singularly free from Academic or other prejudices, or the narrow views of "studio" schools, Parisian or English.

Under the title *The New Empire* (Edward Arnold; Toronto: Hart) Mr. O. A. Howland discusses the relation of Great Britain and the colonies, or the "English nations," to use the author's phrase, to the United States, from a Federationist point of view. Like a loyal and patriotic Canadian, the author dates the foundation of the "new Empire" from the close of the American War of Independence, and regards Canada as "the keystone of the Empire," and the "point of contact of the twin federations that compose the English-speaking world." Mr. Howland's "little essay"—as he modestly terms a stout volume of some six hundred pages—is interesting, as it embodies, not without eloquence, the views of those who are influenced by the idea of Federation and the sentiment of Empire.

Further Reliques of Constance Naden, edited by George M. McCrie (Bickers & Son), comprises various philosophical papers, Mason College essays, and certain articles offered to and declined

by review editors, with sundry memorial notices of the author. One of these essays treats of Neo-Materialism, under the engaging title "What is Religion?" Another appalling task is suggested in a paper that deals with Mr. Grant Allen's theory of the Beautiful and its evolution. Then there are papers that expound Hylo-Idealism, in connexion with which it is amusing to note the rejoinder of Mr. McCrie to Dr. Dale's objections to that fuliginous system of philosophy. It seems, according to the former, that at the very point where Dr. Dale "lost the path" as a patient investigator, and found himself as dull as Professor Tyndall, "our genial and skilled Royal Institution empiric," as Dr. Lewins has it, he was arguing against such Neo-Kantians as the late T. H. Green, not against Hylo-Idealism. Mr. McCrie admits that Miss Naden cites the late Oxford Professor in her list of authorities that begins with Thales. He was, in fact, the last from whom she "derived"; but Mr. McCrie declares that she rose far above Green, who was "purlind" in matters that belong to "the last recess of Knowledge"; and her "world-scheme" was of a superior order to his. It is not wonderful, after this, that it was impossible for Miss Naden to return to Poetry and the Absolute.

In the pretty series of pocket volumes "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors," published by Mr. Stott, the selection *Novalis, his Life, Thoughts, and Works*, edited and translated by M. J. Hope, may be commended, as, on the whole, happily representative of the author, and likely to attract the English reader. The translator's selection comprises the romance *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, "Thoughts," and "Hymns to the Night," prefaced by the *Life*, by Just, and a brief introduction that includes a long quotation from Carlyle's admirable essay on Novalis.

Mr. J. Spencer's elementary class-book *Physiology* (Percival & Co.) is designed to provide the completest practical exposition of the subject that is possible. The author advises the teacher to illustrate the reasons by demonstrations of the experimental kind in the presence of the class. Thus he would deal with terrestrial electricity and magnetism, and the chemistry of the earth, while the structure of the earth and meteorology might be studied apart from the class-room in a course of field-days or excursions into the neighbouring country. Whether the eighty experiments Mr. Spencer gives in chemistry and in physics are absolutely necessary to qualify the pupil to pass the elementary examination in Physiology of the Science and Art Department is, we think, somewhat doubtful. But there can be no doubt that his class-book is admirably thorough in method.

Beyond Escape, by the author of "Within Sound of the Weir," a story of the sensational order, with old melodramatic *ficelles*, and *Russian Tales*, a selection from Pushkin, Gregorovitch, and Lermontoff, are recent additions to the new Railway and Automatic Library.

The Oxford Shakespeare, edited by W. J. Craig, with a Glossary (H. Frowde), is a handsome imprint in one volume, issued in two styles of paper; the one, an excellent purely white paper; the other, the Oxford India paper with red-gold edges. The type in both is alike, and admirably legible. The former is by no means a bulky volume, and, we think, in every sense the more pleasing. The latter is wonderfully light in the hand, and is, of course, a more portable book, owing to the extreme thinness of the paper.

The Cloud of Witness (H. Frowde), a selection in prose and verse of "Great Thoughts from Many Minds," by the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell, is a very attractive little book, designed to connect the Sundays and Holy Days of the Calendar with some appropriate religious or ethical teaching. The great festivals of Easter, Christmas, and so forth, with such themes as Birthdays, Marriage, Sickness, Death, are illustrated by a varied and well-chosen series of extracts, introduced by a sympathetic preface of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Like the *Oxford Shakespeare*, this little volume is issued in two styles of paper.

We have also received *Poems by Wordsworth*, edited by Matthew Arnold, "Golden Treasury" series, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); Part II. of Mr. Benjamin Loewy's *Graduated Course of Natural Science* (Macmillan & Co.); *The Structure of Sentences*, "an aid to translation and composition," by R. Somervell, M.A. (Percival & Co.); *Falling in Love; and other Essays*, by Grant Allen, new edition (Smith, Elder, & Co.); and sixpenny editions of *Kenilworth* and *The Fortunes of Nigel* (A. & C. Black).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

(3) *Germy*. Par Ferdinand Fabre. ("La Nouvelle Collection.") Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.

(4) *L'aube russe*. Par Poushchine. Traduite par B. Tzeline et E. Jaubert. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Toujours aimée*. Par Jean Baraney. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Pour l'honneur*. Par A. Gennevraye. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW in CHRISTMAS WEEK will take place on the morning of THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24th. Advertisements intended for insertion in that week's issue must reach the Office not later than 6.30 on TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22nd.

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